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# Villainess Brother Reincarnation - WN

## Chapter 01-15

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# Chapter 1

**What should I do about being reincarnated as a villainess girl's older brother**

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## **Villainess Brother Reincarnation**

When I heard about my younger sister's engagement to the prince, I remembered my previous life's memories. Isn't this world the otome game that my previous imouto liked!? Moreover, my current imouto, will be causing the destruction end of my family!

This is the brother's story of trying to prevent destruction flags.

### **Chapter 1 – The brother is worried about his sister**

Is this death, I wonder. When I was driving home from work through an intersection during a green light, I was hit from the side with a massive impact. I think it was a truck. My small car completely crumpled from the accident, and just like that it flew into a telephone pole and was crushed. The air bags were working properly, but the sight didn't console me as my vision turned red before me. Luckily, I didn't feel that much pain. I'm glad that my car has a black box that will be able to firmly prove the other party's fault. It means that my family will definitely be able to at least get insurance money. Family. In my final moments, my sister came to mind first. Her personality isn't that bad but, she's rather helpless and gets bullied in high school. When I come home for the weekend, I had promised to hang out with her.....

As my consciousness faded, I was worried on her account.

When I heard about my sister getting engaged from father, I suddenly recalled

my previous life's memories.

"Michelle just got engaged to Prince Edwards. Marcel, you'll be the prince's brother-in-law in the future!"

My father Duke Alderton was all smiles.

"Oh, don't worry about yourself, there's plenty of potential partners for you as well, we'll have to pick one carefully –"

After that, I didn't hear anything else my father was saying to me.

Michelle Alderton and Prince Edwards. And, Marcel Alderton.

Isn't this the world of the otome game "Concerto of Light" that my sister was hooked on!?

I pretended to be calm on the outside, and returned to my room.

As I plopped myself onto my bed, all this information came flowing into me. Let's organize what I know.

"Concerto of Light" was advertised as a medieval European themed otome game, although any world history scholar would surely shake their head at the roundabout interpretation the game had. The character names were a mix of English, French, and German, the production team might have had some issues to some extent. Although the game was European-themed, the game's language was still Japanese and there was a rich variety of hair colors. It was a medieval school-themed story. It was also a fantasy story that included elements of magic. When I heard my previous life's sister telling me about it, I thought at the time that it seemed to be an overly grand setting. Well, it might be that the magic technology can be interpreted as partially consistent with modern times. As for the school, it's a story about mainly noble children with magic power attending school.

Well, apart from the game setting, let's try to remember as much of the contents as possible. In the first place, my sister kept recommending to me about which routes to take, but honestly speaking I didn't have that much spare time to play so I'm a bit hazy on the details. For now, let's start with worrying about the important parts from the game information and the ending. Let's see, the heroine, despite being a commoner, is able to use the extremely rare holy

attribute magic and entered magic school at the beginning of the game. Since she was a commoner, the people around her saw her as a thorn in their eyes. Aside from that, the specialty of the game was having events with the capture targets and increasing love rating with them.

In order to beat this “Concerto of Light” game, you have to increase the female characters’ love ratings towards the heroine first. There were various capture targets such as ojou-samas, classmates, and school staff, a large variety of female characters despite it being an otome game. Without getting a girl’s love rating up enough first, when an event occurs with a capture target, it seems that things may not go well for the heroine. Hearing my sister talk about it so passionately, I thought it seemed quite realistic. ....Since my sister didn’t have that many friends, she might have gotten addicted to the friendship depicted in this game.

Oops, I’ll stop thinking about these sad things.

Now, in “Light Con,” girls can be either your enemies or allies. What that means is, although normally being a capture target, they can turn into your enemy as the rival character if you go for the girl they like. However, they can also be allies helping tell you how to proceed if you aim at another capture target. So after finishing one character’s route and then aiming for another character, you might see a surprisingly different side of a character that is now an ally instead of a rival. In addition, if you max out a girl’s love rating, you can also capture the girls that were allies. That’s not all that I heard, there’s actually stuff like the girls deciding to move in together as well, or love between a boy and a girl of different social statuses, I understand that it seems to be rather popular. There’s many pairs of delicate relationships between capture targets/rivals, there’s even the terrific ability to play matchmaker between two people. An almost obsessive amount of work was put into the scenarios.

Meanwhile, there’s a character that doesn’t change in any route.

That would be my imouto, Michelle Alderton.

Whereas the other girls are merely rivals, Michelle is the only girl that’s called a villainess. This is because she constantly opposes the heroine in all the routes. As for why this is the case, it was a self-conscious decision by the development

company for the game's novelty, and because she seems to have been the character in the tutorial route. Making her into a standard villainess, and then capturing her, gives you an introduction to how this game feels and works. Because she was a character born to such a fate, Michelle met terrible ends. She was ridiculously snobbish and even looked down upon other nobles with lower rank than her, such as viscounts or barons. Of course, she thought commoners were no better than garbage.

Naturally, in the Prince Edwards route, she attacked the heroine using every trick imaginable. In one end, she used her duke family's powers to kill off the heroine, which brought the family's downfall and her own execution. She was also an active villainess in the other routes, and would always get exiled and starve to death or executed. Even in the friendship end where all the characters had maxed out love ratings, she suffered the disastrous end of becoming the concubine of a middle-aged perverted noble from another country.

It's a natural consequence of the things she did during the course of the game, but right now Michelle is my actual imouto, and is just a pitiful eight year old girl. I'll blame our parents' influence on her selfishness, and as for her attitude of looking down upon the servants, I'm going to have to fix that from now on.

In the final moments of my previous life, I was worried about my sister. In this life, I definitely have to work hard to secure my sister's happiness.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter 2 – The brother decides his path in life

“But, the ‘round pig,’ eh.....” Remembering my position in the game, I sighed. I want to work hard at preventing my sister from turning into a villainess, but before that there is another problem I have to take care of first.

In truth, I had also appeared in the game. .... As Michelle’s idiotic, gross brother.

In the game, I had also been an unmistakeable caricature of a young, idiotic noble that abused his duke family’s authority just like my sister, and was always unreasonably harassing the heroine and the rival girls, thinking he was the greatest, and was hated by all the capture targets, well anyways he was the worst type of guy.

This guy was also part of the reason why the Alderton family got ruined so easily. I’m really sorry for how this guy acted.

Because Marcel lived a life of luxury and never exercised, the game had set him as extremely obese. I, Marcel Alderton, had the nickname of “round pig.” Everyone called Marcel this and all the players hated him and made fun of him. No matter how much a no-good guy like this boasts or preaches, nobody will listen to him. In the game as well, Michelle avoided Marcel and hated him. I have to do something about myself first.....

“Well, I’m going to live correctly from now on.”

Looking at myself in the mirror, I let out a sigh. I’m already quite chubby even though I’m only ten years old. In order to lose weight from now on, if I eat a balanced diet and get a moderate amount of exercise my weight shouldn’t be a problem. The lucky thing was, my looks weren’t too ugly. Because my parents and sister all have good features, it’s not strange since it must be genetic. He was considered gross in the game due to his attitude and body size. Well, at the very least, I don’t have to do anything about my appearance. As for now, since I

don't have any memories of my sister hating me, it should still be alright. No wait, every lady's onii-sama is so cool, I have some complaints about that..... Urgh, I'll work hard!

After that, it's Marcel's personality. Honestly, it's pretty bad. Because of the bad influence from his no-good parents, he treated all servants terribly. Even though I'm just blaming our parents, Michelle's personality was also influenced by her brother.

Luckily, it wasn't to the extent of killing anyone or leaving any permanent scars on them, but whenever the maids and servants were unable to fulfill the often unreasonable demands, they were beaten mercilessly. Even though it's only from a ten year old brat, being whipped will definitely be painful. Now that I've regained my former sense of self, my conscience and common sense are making me feel like I used to be the worst ever.

I want to summon all the maids and servants right away and apologize to everyone, but it would surely be weird if the terrible brat suddenly had a change of heart and reformed himself. If only I had suffered a high fever or a sudden injury to the head, I could use that as an excuse for my personality changing, but to think it was just from hearing about my sister's engagement.....

"Hm, wait up..... I think it was here."

I remembered the existence of a certain thing, and was looking for it on the bookshelf. I took out a book, and lit up the room with my magic tool. I proceeded to flip through the pages and read for a while, until I located what I was looking for and sighed in relief.

"Alright, let's go with this."

I decided the way I'll live from now on, turned off the magic light, and went to sleep.

After hearing a light knock, I woke up.

"Marcel-sama, good morning. It's time for you to wake up."

It seems like he's here to wake me up. That's right, someone comes to do this



every day. As for the me before, he's never noticed because he never wakes up unless someone shakes him.

"Ahh, please enter."

From the other side of the door, I heard a sound of surprise. Well, that's to be expected. The young master that would never be awake at this time was awake, and invited him to enter with a normal attitude.

"Please excuse me."

The servant that entered was named Roy. Behind him as well was the maid Kana who was in charge of cleaning.

Roy still managed to look somewhat calm, but Kana couldn't hide her look of shock. Well, Roy's already 18 while Kana's only 15. It must be a difference in experience.

"Good morning Roy, and Kana."

I got out of bed and greeted both of them. Now even Roy looked quite shocked, while Kana dropped a cleaning tool that she was holding. ....They're like this just from a greeting? Well, I guess it's natural because I wasn't myself until yesterday. Meaning, this is a chance.

"Don't you dare be so loud and make so much noise – no, not that, calm down. ....Kana, please be careful not to drop your tool. If it had happened in front of your parents, they surely would have scolded you."

Since the me from before was used to treating Kana like trash and always shouting at her every time she dropped something, I had to forcibly suppress myself in order to speak to her more gently.

"I, I'm so sorry!!"

Kana lowered her head in a panic, and picked up the tool.

"No, it's fine. More importantly, now that I think back on it, the two of you have been treated terribly here. I'm really sorry about that. I'm also going to look for a chance to apologize to everyone else, could you two tell them for me?"

At my sudden apology, this time Roy had a look of both shock and doubt, and Kana dropped her tool yet again.

“I just told you not to be noisy you useless — er, really, Kana is so clumsy,ahaha.”

“I, I’m so sorry I’m so sorry!”

Being in a helpless state of confusion, when I returned to my former way of speaking Kana immediately started kneeling by my bed apologizing desperately with tears in her eyes. It was such a miserable sight. For this, the me from before would definitely have whipped her 10 times.....

“Marcel-sama doesn’t have anything that he needs to apologize to us for. But, if it’s your wish, I’ll respectfully deliver your words to the other servants. ....By the way, please excuse my rudeness for asking so, but would something about you happen to have changed?”

Roy spoke after recovering from his shock.

It should be quite risky for someone of his social status to ask me such a question, but he probably thought it was more dangerous to not know the reason behind the sudden transformation.

Moreover, he probably thought that with the way I was today, I would answer him. He’s quite competent.

“Er, do you happen to know about my sister Michelle’s engagement to Prince Edwards?”

“Yes, it is truly such a joyous occasion.”

“That means, I’ll become the prince’s brother-in-law eventually. Eventually, I’ll be the king’s older brother. That means that I’m now the older brother of the king!”

I picked up a book by my pillow and showed it to them with a self-satisfied expression.

“Would this happen to be, ‘The Legend of the King’s Brother, Raiheart?’”

“That’s right! When talking about king’s brothers, it’s got to be about Raiheart-dono. From today on, I’ll be aiming to be like him!”

When I loudly declared so, Roy just took in the circumstances, while Kana was just as confused as always. Ahh, she’s a bit of a helpless child.....

“The Legend of the King’s Brother, Raiheart” is one of the most famous biographies in this country. Approximately 800 years ago, it’s a story about a prince named Raiheart who, despite being the oldest prince, was unable to become the heir because his mother was a concubine.

He never said a word of complaint about his own circumstances, and devotedly supported his younger brother and helped the country to overcome several national crises. This part is just what I think, but since this is a country with many fights over the succession between princes, this is probably also a story meant to serve as an example to all the princes that are unable to become the king.

This book is a required book to read for all noble children, and whenever someone mentions the king’s brother, everyone will think of Raiheart. And because this is a biography written for children, Prince Raiheart was apparently written to be an outstanding shining example of a person.

It is said that he was merciful and prejudiced against no one.

It is said that he never neglected his self-discipline, and was extremely proficient in swordsmanship and magic.

It is said that he was passionate about academics, and that there was nothing he did not know.

.....It’s clearly way too overboard.

Although he was worshipped to this extent, he was actually assassinated, and it is said that his angry spirit cursed the royal family for it. It is said that the royal family made this biography in order to pacify his spirit, and required all noble children to read it to serve as a requiem for him.

Anyways, speaking of the king’s brother there is this image of a perfect superman. Since I’m rather simple, all I could come up with was this plan to hide the change in personality after obtaining my memory by saying that I now cared about my image as the king’s brother.

By the way, Prince Edwards is only the third prince, so he’s far from being confirmed to be the next king.

Well, the me from before had always believed that the world would move in my favor, so that shouldn’t be any change from before.

When Roy heard that I would now begin aiming to be like Raiheart, he thought that's why I suddenly changed the way I was, and he said he would convey this to all the other servants.

Probably, because the young master decided to change himself on a whim, it would turn out to be in their best interests as well and improve everyone's life here, he'll tell everyone what I want them to hear.

With this, I'll be able to plan and move around more easily.

Now then, at first I thought everything was unbelievable, but now I've accepted that this can't be anything but reality. Creating change will be really difficult, but I'll work hard from now on.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter 3 – The brother shows his sister the proper way to live

“By the way, has Michelle finished breakfast already?”

I asked Roy as I was changing clothes.

“Yes, she finished just earlier.”

“I see. Please let her maids know that I’m going over to see her after I finish eating.”

“I understand.”

“Then, let’s get going.”

In Duke Alderton’s family, the entire family only gathers for dinner, everyone eats breakfast and lunch whenever they feel like it. Of course, it was different for the servants, they had a large dining room and table for everyone.

But anyways –

“This is really a lot.....”

There was a large loaf of white bread, some meat that looked like some type of fowl, tons of hams and sausages, and even the soup contained meat in it. In comparison, there were almost no vegetables. All I could see were some carrots and onions in the soup. If it’s like this, of course Marcel would be fat, this is all so bad for my health. Now that I’ve recovered my memories, I think this is pretty bad, but in the first place Marcel was the one who asked for this type of menu. That’s right, there used to be vegetables, but it was Marcel who said to take them out because he wouldn’t eat them anyways.

“Roy, if there’s any vegetables that are ready to eat in the kitchen, please tell them to bring some out. Also, please call the cook here for me.”

“Yes, immediately.”

A little after Roy went off to the kitchen, a kitchen maid arrived with a plate of salad, along with the female head cook.

“.....Marcel-sama, is there something wrong with today’s breakfast?”

The cook seemed to be looking at me anxiously. Come to think of it, Marcel seems to complain about the cooking from time to time. As for me, I’m getting quite a headache from Marcel’s arrogant attitude towards other people.

“No, it’s not about that today. By the way, what was your name again?”

“My name is Helen.”

When I asked her name, her expression became even darker.

“Well then, Mrs. Helen, from now on, I want you to change my menu starting from today’s lunch. Starting with the amount, just a quarter of the bread and meat will be fine. In its place, please increase the number of vegetables and beans.”

“Well, I can do as you command, but is that really alright?”

“Ahh, Raiheart-dono never had grand meals, and it is said that he liked to eat similar things to the commoners. I’m going to emulate him.”

“Uh, I see.....”

“Oh yes, Mrs. Helen. You must have been troubled by my selfishness up until now. I’m sorry.”

“Ehh!? No, such words are unnecessary.....”

Helen couldn’t keep up with my sudden change in character, and was panicking. The kitchen maid that brought the salad also seemed to be stunned.

“Well then, I give my thanks to the gods, as well as to Mrs. Helen that made such a meal.”

I prayed first before starting to eat the salad. It’s not bad at all, but I frowned on purpose.

“Oi, it needs a little more—! .....No, nothing. Vegetables are delicious. I have to eat more vegetables just like Raiheart.”

After involuntarily complaining at Helen and glaring at her, I hurriedly stuffed myself with vegetables. After that, compared with the me from before, I ate a very modest amount of bread and meat to finish the meal.

After I gave my thanks and left the dining room, it seems that there was quite a ruckus in the kitchen. Well, without a doubt, they're probably talking about my change in character. I could feel all of the servants' gazes on me as they worked in the mansion, well they probably already heard the story from Kana. This is a good trend. If everyone hears the story, it'll save me a lot of time in having to explain myself each and every time.

I returned to my room to look for another book. She should already have it, but this sort of thing needs to be presented to have more meaning. I found the book I was looking for and flipped through the pages as I rested a bit after my meal. Although I'm completely prepared already, it's good manners to be on time.

When it was about time, I had a sudden thought. I thought I would never use again, but I might as well take "that" with me.

"Well, let's go."

I informed Roy so, and went to Michelle's room.

"Marcel-sama is here to visit ojou-sama."

Roy knocked on my sister's room, and informed her of our visit.

"Everything is ready. Please come in, Marcel-sama."

A maid replied from inside the room, and Roy opened the door in response.

.....How annoying.

It's just a brother coming to visit his sister, but since it's the custom here it can't be helped.

"Welcome, onii-sama."

Michelle welcomed me with a wide smile. She has silken smooth blonde hair and crimson eyes.

Is it because she's a future villainess, she has tsurime eyes, but that's not a problem as she's still quite a beauty. Hmm, this sister of mine will eventually turn into an outrageously evil villainess, and will utterly fall towards a path of destruction.

“.....What on earth are you doing, hurry up already and invite onii-sama inside.”

“I, I’m sorry ojou-sama! Please come in, Marcel-sama.”

At being reproached, the maid hurriedly pulled a chair over in a panic and invited me in.

.....Darn, I didn’t think I would be this late already?

I was actually thinking that if Michelle talked to me, she would invite me in herself or something.

I wanted to set her on the right path casually without appearing too obvious, but now it seems that I might have to interfere a bit more strongly.

“Hey Michelle, how was the capital?”

My sister was visiting the capital last week, and had just returned.

“The capital was the same as always. More importantly, please listen to me, onii-sama! Prince Edwards is really great!”

I wonder where her tsun attitude towards the maid went, my sister was now completely in dere mode.

In the game, Michelle also loved the prince a great deal.

Unfortunately, it was only a burden to the person in question.

And so for quite some time, I listened to my sister talk on and on about Prince Edwards.

“Alright Michelle, I understand very well what Prince Edwards is like now. Today, I came over to give you a present as congratulations for getting engaged.”

“Oh, what could it be!?”

I took the book that Roy was holding and passed it to my smiling sister. Now that I think about it, maybe it would have been better if I wrapped it.

“This is — a book?”

“Yes, ‘The Legend of Queen Lydianne.’”



“Onii-sama, you should know that I already have this book, right?”

My sister’s smile suddenly turned into a look of being bored.

“Yeah, I know that already. It’s not about the book that I want to give, it’s the mental attitude.”

“Mental attitude?”

“That’s right. When I heard from father yesterday about your engagement to Prince Edwards, I decided to try and become just like Raiheart-dono as the king’s brother.”

“Ah.....”

“And so Michelle, you should aim to become a lady just like Lydianne!”

“Ehh!?”

She couldn’t keep up with my sudden high spirits, and just rolled her eyes at me.

“I understand very well how much you yearn for Prince Edwards. But, it’s no good if you’re the only one thinking about him. Wouldn’t it be bad if he didn’t feel the same way about you?”

“W, well, of course!”

She probably never even considered such a thing. Michelle agreed with me in a panic.

“Then that means you should become a lady that will be loved by the prince. For that to happen, your goal should be Lydianne-sama.”

I nodded confidently.

The maid attending my sister was completely stunned at the sudden direction of the conversation.

Okay, it seems like this could work.

“I’m aiming to be just like the king’s brother, Raiheart-dono. Why don’t we work hard together?”

I flashed a smile at Michelle, and stood up.

“Alright, then in order to be like the king’s brother, I’ll show you my swordsmanship.”

I walked with determination to the door, and stopped. It was very sudden.

“It was like this as well when I came in here, it seems that the maid attending Michelle has been derelict in her duties.”

At hearing my words, the maid came to me in a hurry. Then —

“At great trouble, us siblings are going to walk down new paths, don’t ruin the mood for us.”

I took out the whip tucked into my waist, and uncoiled it. I cracked the whip sharply in the air, and the maid just stood there petrified.

“Incompetent one, after I’ve used this whip on you amply, I’ll be trying my new sword on you.”

“Ee, eek!”

The maid was crying in despair. Then —

“P, please wait, onii-sama! As the king’s brother, it’s not good for you to recklessly hurt a maid like that!”

Very good.

Just as I expected, my sister came to stop her older brother’s violence. No matter how bad her attitude towards the maid was, she couldn’t turn a blind eye towards her being killed.

“Oh, that’s right eh, it’s like that.”

I showed off an attitude as if I was greatly disappointed, and put away my whip.

“Thank you very much Michelle, it seems that the road to becoming like Raiheart is still long, I almost violated it. Maybe you’re already closer to the proper path than I am? Protecting the servants with your kindness, it’s just like Queen Lydianne.”

I laughed in a pleasant manner.

“Well then, I suppose I’ll just take my leave now. That maid over there, you’ve

been forgiven by Michelle. Do your work properly from now on.”

“Y, yes!!”

The maid came over to open the door for me, and I left my sister’s room.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter 4 – The brother does his best at exercising and learning

“Marcel-sama, about earlier, could it be that-”

Roy began questioning me after we left Michelle’s room. For a servant to keep questioning his master like that, he’s got quite a lot of guts.

“Hoho, so you’ve noticed, eh. Yep, that was all acting on my part. Michelle’s at a delicate age right now, if I simply tell her to treat the servants better she won’t listen to me for sure. That’s why I pretended to be ridiculously strict on purpose, so that she would speak up for the maid herself.”

If I pretend ignorance, Roy will surely find things strange. Therefore, it’s better to proudly tell him everything.

“I’m very impressed at how far ahead Marcel-sama has considered things.”

“Ohh, is that so! Well, it’s because Raiheart-dono has also pretended to be a villain before. That’s right, this is what’s called showing her the proper path without her noticing..... Roy, please tell that maid from earlier my real intentions. Also, keep all of this to yourself.”

I’m getting a bit carried away.

“Yes, master.”

Roy agreed to do so while hiding a wry smile.

“Well then, I’m going to do some exercising until lunchtime. Also Roy, tell the swordsmanship instructor Lloyd to start coming here again tomorrow. After all, Raiheart-dono was really proficient in swordsmanship. I can’t slack off.”

Marcel had started training in swordsmanship when he was nine as a noble’s hobby, but since Marcel hated exercising he got lazy and stopped training. Moreover, Marcel even told the instructor to go do what he wanted and gave him a vacation.

Even though I’m mostly the one at fault here, but as for the parents who raised

him like this.....

After I changed into some clothes that were easy to move around in, I went out to the eastern garden of our mansion.

“Well, let’s start with jogging.”

The eastern garden was also used as a training field, and I think the size is approximately 100 square meters.

“Alright, my goal will be 30 laps. For my jogging preparations, prepare a wet towel and some fruit for me.”

I ordered Roy to prepare those for me, and began jogging. Since it’ll be hard to do too much at first, let’s start with three kilometers.

(Panting)

After only ten laps, I’m completely out of breath already. This body is pathetic, there’s no strength at all! Even though I remember how Marcel has been living up to now, I didn’t think it would be this bad.

Come to think of it, there’s a destruction end where he’s chased down rather easily by the commoners and killed, isn’t there. Well, in that ending Michelle was also captured and killed, so let’s start running together tomorrow. Obviously I don’t want to end up like that.

“Marcel-sama, please don’t be so hard on yourself.”

Roy came up to me with the wet towel, and advised me to rest after seeing how exhausted I was. Kana also had some fruits ready in a basket for me and was looking quite worried for my sake.

“Y, yeah..... No, 30 laps might be impossible, but I’m going to run just one more lap. After all, I’m, going, to, become like Raiheart!”

In the end, I pushed myself to the limit, and completed 13 laps before I collapsed on the ground.

“Here you go.”

“Mmm.”

I took the wet towel from Roy, and wiped my face.

That feels good.

Then I wiped myself down. It was almost like enjoying a cool autumn breeze.

“Marcel-sama, please enjoy these as well.”

Kana held the basket out to me. It would have been better if she had noticed my exhaustion for herself, but it seems that Roy had signaled her to do so.

“Ahh. –Oh, an orange, eh. This is good.”

There were about ten citrus-type fruits in the basket.

“Ahh, what should I do. I forgot to bring a knife.”

Kana noticed her blunder, and got flustered. I took one and peeled it with my hand. It’s a bit different from an orange, but it was still easy to peel.

“Mmm, eating an orange after running is delicious.”

When I ate an orange just like a commoner would, the two of them were shocked.

“Hoho, didn’t you guys know? There was once a story of Raiheart-dono who ran all the way to the town of Muraton in order to save the people there from illness. Let’s see, how did it go again?”

I flipped through the book that I brought with me.

“Ahh, here it is. While Raiheart-dono was inspecting his domain in disguise, he came upon an injured man who was on his way delivering medical herbs to the town of Muraton for a plague. It was critically important to get the herbs to town as fast as possible. If he took too long, the medicine wouldn’t be of help anymore. Muraton is usually considered to be within walking distance for an adult if they stop and take rests. Since Raiheart-dono was in disguise, he didn’t have a horse with him and had to run all the way to town himself, but he still managed to deliver the medicine on to save everyone. This orange is what one of the girls from town gave him, and Raiheart-dono peeled it himself and ate it on the spot there.”

I peeled another one, and placed all of it into my mouth.

“So Raiheart-dono is good with both oranges and running. Tell the kitchen to

always keep a supply of oranges from now on.”

“Y, yes!”

Kana ran into the mansion as if she had been shot from a bowstring.

“Roy, tell them to prepare a bath for me. It’s pretty uncomfortable to be so sweaty.”

“I understand.”

Roy had a questioning look again.

Well, that’s to be expected. After all, Marcel hated taking baths. In the game, that never changed as he got older, and he would always spray a ton of perfume on himself to hide his body odor. With my modern concept of hygiene, it all seems like a nightmare to me. But right now, it’s a fact that I’m in a place similar to medieval Europe. People here seem to have the impression that water is bad for the skin. Really, I can’t stand all these noble concepts here.

It should be noted though, that this world is somewhat Japan-ified as well. The toilets and windows here were all things I could get used to. I’m really grateful for that.

After my bath, I returned to my room to read a book. Of course, it was one on the king’s brother. I wasn’t reading the children’s biography version of “The Legend of the King’s Brother, Raiheart,” but rather a darker one written for older students. I absorbed myself in reading it to prepare for the future until lunch was ready.

“And that’s why, Miss Mary. Please teach me more in detail about the etiquette and knowledge on how to be a king’s brother.”

After lunch, I came to visit the governess Mary in the study room (usually Marcel would always take a nap after lunch and skip his lessons) and told her I wanted to learn, shocking her to the core.

Miss Mary is the second daughter of a fallen baron’s family, so she is working for our family currently and she’s recognized for her excellence. Unfortunately,

she hasn't been able to showcase her talents due to Marcel being the one under her care.

"I see, you've greatly changed for the better."

She should be happy that I'm so motivated now, but her eyes aren't showing it. She's probably thinking that I'll go right back to slacking off again after three days or so.

"Ahh, let's begin immediately, please. First, teach me arithmetic. When Raiheart-dono was helping as a merchant's apprentice right after being passed over for the succession, he was able to accurately calculate ten people's orders at a time without making any mistakes. I'll have to be good to that extent as well."

Even though I just told this story, I was actually using the story of Prince Shotoku Taishi.

"I understand. Then, will problems about how merchants shop suffice?"

"Ahh, that's perfect. Let me do them."

"Then — how about this?"

Miss Mary began writing a problem in her notebook.

"If you have one ajji (currency) of bread already, and buy another three ajji of sausages, when combining the cost, how much ajji will it be in total?"

This is  $1 + 3$ .

However, I'm going to answer like Marcel would.

"I don't buy such cheap things as that."

As the eldest son of a Duke's family, Marcel doesn't have to do his own shopping in the first place, but he has been taught plenty about money's value. He's a total snob.

".....Then, if you're buying one galt (currency) of rubies, and three galts of jasper, when combining the cost, how many galts will it be in total?"

"Ahh, that's much more like what I would want. The answer is four galts."

I replied while showing off my self-confidence. Marcel should at least get



something of this extent correct. Even Marcel has reviewed and learned this much before.

“That’s correct. You must have applied yourself to studying recently. Then, next problem.”

She’s trying to confirm how much I know, she’s a good teacher.

“If you’re buying six galts of sapphires and nine galts of diamonds, how many galts would it cost? If you need to, feel free to use your hands to count.”

I counted up to six on my fingers, bent one to signify it and then counted another nine fingers.

“It’s five galts.”

Once again, I showed off how self-confident I was on purpose.

“Hmm~, unfortunately, that’s wrong.”

“What!! But I have five fingers that are still straight now!”

I convincingly pretended to not understand and held my hands out, and Miss Mary gently took my hands.

“Marcel-sama, it’s great that you’re trying to learn how to count larger numbers on your fingers now. Let’s just fix your counting method a little.”

“.....Just a little, very well then.”

“Then, let’s begin. Let’s start with six fingers, like this. From there, let’s add one, two, three, four fingers, and now how many will there be?”

“Isn’t it obviously ten — ahh.”

“Hehe, so you’ve noticed then. Then you add the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth fingers, five more, then you have -”

“15!”

“Wonderful. That’s correct.”

Miss Mary clapped her hands for me.

Rather than her disinterested eyes from earlier, now she has happy, clear eyes from helping the student learn.

“And so, Marcel-sama, I’ll teach you how to count larger numbers now. Marcel-sama answered five incorrectly earlier, but there’s an easy way to spot mistakes like that.”

“What! Teach me!”

“Hehehe, first let’s start with six galts of sapphires. So what happens if we buy one more galt?”

“Of course, there will be more. Yep, that’s definitely it!”

“That’s right. Before you start counting, you should already know that the answer has to be larger than six. Therefore, you should know now that the previous answer of five was wrong.”

Miss Mary was smiling at me.

She’s really courteous while teaching me. She’s not just telling me the correct answers, but also trying to make sure I understand the process, and on top of that is even teaching me little tricks and shortcuts.

Even though it’s such a simple subject, teaching it can be hard.

I was testing out how good Miss Mary was, and I believe now that she’s pretty skilled.

If it’s this person, I can probably trust her to become Michelle’s governess.

“Oh, this is good! Please teach me more.”

“Since Marcel-sama is so motivated, I think that’s really a wonderful thing. Then, let’s start practicing with the number ten. What happens when you subtract nine from ten?”

“It’s one.”

“What about subtracting six, then?”

“Let’s see, seven, six, five, four……. It’s four!”

“Wonderful! Then -”

And as such, time passed quickly while I was studying with Miss Mary.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter 5 – The brother undergoes the instructor’s severe training

After I finished studying, I was resting in my room. Miss Mary was just like the rumors, an excellent teacher.

She has such a wide range of knowledge and is really good at teaching, in spite of that, exactly what happened to us siblings in the original story.....

There’s the saying “it’s not who’s saying it, it’s how you say it,” and yet another saying “it’s not how you say it, it’s who’s listening to it.” Ancient proverbs are truly so accurate.

Anyways, Miss Mary wasn’t only good at arithmetic, she was able to teach me history, geography, politics, and law in a simple and easy to understand manner.

I’ve bent over backwards in order to pretend at learning arithmetic which is the same as in my previous life, but the humanities and social sciences subjects here interested me.

Well, it’s probably good to her that I’m so spirited on the first day of learning.

She probably thinks that I’ll work hard from tomorrow for another three days or so, and that after a week I’ll return to how Marcel was like before.

Just when I was feeling hungry, I heard a knock on my door.

“Marcel-sama, it’s time for dinner.”

“Ahh, I’m on my way.”

Roy was calling for me, and I headed for the dining room.

Michelle was already seated in the dining room.

Her tsurime eyes are the same as always, but they somehow seem softer. Her personal maid’s expression also seemed just a little brighter. This is good, this is good.

“Onii-sama, you seemed to be in the garden earlier this morning, exactly what

were you doing?”

Michelle who was sitting there asked me out of curiosity.

“Ahh, actually – oops, let me ask you instead. The eastern garden is supposed to be a training field, so what do you think I was doing there?”

I was influenced by Miss Mary, and tried to make Michelle think for herself instead.

“Mmm~..... I have no idea, I give up.”

Oi oi, is my sister going to be alright.

“Of course, I decided to train my body!”

“Ehh!?”

Michelle covered her mouth in astonishment.

“Onii-sama doing something like exercising, I can’t even imagine it happening!”

The image that my sister has of her brother is really so.....

“.....Well, I was like that until yesterday. But things are going to be different starting from today, I’m going to train my body and mind and be reborn into someone like the excellent Raiheart-dono! And so, Michelle, you should come running together with me tomorrow as well!”

“Ehh~, no way, I don’t want to, it’s so bothersome and tiring. And besides, won’t you get sweaty if you run?”

My sister shook her head and was saying no way.

This is bad, at this rate she won’t be able to get away from the destruction end where she gets chased down by the commoners.

When I was trying to think of a good idea, our parents arrived in the dining room.

My father – Duke Alderton, Rodriguez Alderton.

In the original game, his name was mentioned, but he never appeared.

For his appearance, he had blonde hair and brown eyes. His face looked pretty good. He’s a bit overweight and middle-aged, but compared to how Marcel was,

it's still within reason. And his expression didn't seem villainous or anything at all, he was looking at Michelle and I kindly.

Father sat down, and began speaking to me in a calm and steady voice.

"It's the first dinner that our family's had together in a while, isn't it. We came back home tardy last night because of an incompetent coachman, I'm sorry for making you have dinner all by yourself, Marcel. Ahh, don't worry about it though, because I've already fired that incompetent piece of trash and had him thrown out of town yesterday."

He said something that terrible with a big bright smile on his face.

"No, father, I'm already ten now. I'm not a child anymore, and won't get lonely even if I have dinner by myself."

And next, I was going to say so you should reconsider about having fired the coachman, but I was interrupted.

"Is that so, you've already gotten so mature now. Since I know that now, there's even meaning to have been found in having previously hired such an incompetent piece of trash."

Father looked so satisfied as he laughed.

"Hey, dear, let's stop talking about that incompetent coachman, let's tell Marcel about our visit to the capital. This time was a bit disappointing but, we'll have another chance to visit soon enough."

My mother, Duchess Alderton, Jasmine Alderton changed the subject nonchalantly as if nothing had happened at all.

By the way, the day before everyone had left for the capital, Marcel had caught a cold, so he was unable to accompany them.

My mother had long light brown hair and red eyes.

While they're my parents, I also think that they're beautiful people. However, while they treat their own family normally, they're very insensitive towards those below their own social status.

I already know that it'll probably be very difficult to change them.

Their way of life has already been carved deep into their minds to the subconscious level.

.....As expected, just as I originally planned, I'm only going to be able to change myself and Michelle.

"Oh, there's too little food for Marcel, and there's even vegetables."

Father clapped his hands, and the house steward Ian who was standing at attention came forward.

"Fire the head cook and kick her out of this town."

"As you wish."

He made his decision instantly.

"Please wait, father, this is what I wanted. I just changed my diet myself earlier, it'll be bothersome if I have to explain things all over again to a new cook, so please just leave things as they are now."

For now, I'm going to wait a little on telling the story about the king's brother Raiheart.

"Ohh, so it was something Marcel wanted. Well, it's fine then. Ahh, we were talking about the capital. This time, we were at the royal palace so that Michelle and Prince Edwards could meet each other, but other dukes kept trying to invite us to their mansions -"

Father promptly granted my wish and returned to telling his story. He really treats the servants like they're nothing.

.....Miss Mary probably won't have any problems, but I'm worried that some other servant might make a careless mistake and get kicked out of town.

And so, I spent some time with my seemingly warm family.

The next morning, I was running by myself in the eastern garden. I went to Michelle's room to invite her to come with me, but as expected, she refused.

I visited her after having fully prepared already by wearing exercise clothes, but she said something like how exercise clothes were too lacking in elegance.

.....For a moment I thought about using my pocket money as a duke's eldest son to tailor some exercise clothes for her that were covered in excessively frilly ribbons, but I figured that would defeat the purpose of exercise clothes being clothes that are easy to move around in, and rejected the idea.

Indeed, these exercise clothes, while they might be okay for a boy to wear, they might not be suitable for a duke's daughter, is there any way I can get her to not mind them.....

As I was thinking so, I managed to complete two more laps than yesterday and finished 15 laps, while I was having an orange and resting the person that I wanted to see appeared.

"It's been a while, Lloyd."

".....I'm glad to see you well, Marcel-sama."

He was probably more than 180 centimeters tall, had a toned body, and sharp eyes. There was a faint scar running across his cheek and chin. He seems to be slightly over 40 years old and a master adventurer.

This man, Lloyd, a stereotypical warrior type, is my swordsmanship instructor. Mmm, scary.

His expression is really scary.

Well, that's to be expected, Marcel found training to be really tiresome and basically threw him out, but suddenly told him to come over here again today.

As expected of someone who's had actual combat experience, he didn't even need to raise his hand against me to scare me, he seems like an experienced warrior. But his hostile aura stings so much, it hurts.

Meh, I won't get anywhere if I just cower back and shrink from him, let's attack.

"I apologize for my rudeness in selfishly summoning you over here again so suddenly. And so, once again, I would like to request that you instruct me in swordsmanship. I'm going to be just like Raiheart-dono."

I lowered my head towards him, and told him the reason for calling him here.

Although he didn't refuse to come here, he's probably still quite unwilling.

“I understand. Then let’s begin immediately.”

He agreed really quickly.

Oi oi, he’s surprisingly easy-going for such an experienced warrior.

Is he seeing me clearly or something?

“Before that, let me apologize to Marcel-sama as well. I was hiding while seeing how Marcel-sama was practicing on the training field. Please forgive me.”

While I was still confused at how readily he agreed, Lloyd lowered his head towards me.

“Oi, you bastard! Seeing something so unsightly!”

At seeing me pretend to get angry in my “round pig” mode, Lloyd laughed a little.

“When your servant-dono summoned me, honestly I didn’t really want to go at first, but I changed my mind when I saw how you were just earlier. Seeing how much of an effort you’re making, I think I’ll grant you my sword one more time.”

As expected of a master. He knows what to look for.

“Mmm, I have great expectations.”

I nodded magnanimously.

“Then, let’s start with doing ten laps here.”

“T, ten laps! Lloyd! You just said you’ve been watching me! I’ve just been running up to now! It’s impossible for me to do another ten laps! Teach me the sword, the sword!”

“Since you’ve had some fruit and gotten some rest, you can do another ten laps. Besides, you’re not at the level where you’re ready to use a sword yet, let’s go, start running.”

He forced me up without waiting for my reply, and I started running.

Sure enough, I ran out of energy after five laps, and Lloyd kept alternating between encouraging me and being really strict with me, and I finished ten laps somehow.



“As expected of Marcel-sama who’s trying to be like the king’s brother Raiheart-dono, you completed the ten laps wonderfully.”

“Of, of course, this, much.”

I had an orange to hydrate myself while trying to catch my breath. After resting for a little while, I stood up again.

“Alright, let’s start practicing the sword.....”

“Let’s do another ten laps.”

Without changing the training method one bit, Lloyd said so with a forceful smile.

.....Let’s start calling him a demonic drill sergeant instead of an experienced warrior.

That’s what I decided in my mind as I began to run again in the training field unsteadily.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter 6 – The brother is confused in the cottage of books

After my training with Lloyd finished, I somehow managed to drag myself to the bath despite my exhaustion. With a countless number of breaks in between, including the laps I did earlier I had to do 35 laps in total.

That demonic drill sergeant, even though he said he'd teach me the sword after I finished running, only had me swing a wooden sword 100 times.

Well, since it's probably best not to teach me until I have the fundamentals down, he's properly teaching me step-by-step, I think.

It can be said that he's also a good teacher like Miss Mary.

After leaving the bath, I rested myself in my room. As expected, I didn't even read a book, and just laid there on my bed.

When I was just about to fall asleep because of how tired I was, there was a knock on the door, and I headed for the dining room.

In the dining room, I had lunch which was prepared just as according to the instructions I gave yesterday. Mmm, I wonder if it's because I exercised so much, I think I wouldn't mind a little bit more meat.

Basically speaking, this body's fuel consumption rate is pretty bad due to the unhealthy habits that have accumulated up until now. No, I can't, I can't, no matter what I can't increase the amount of meat from yesterday and today's amount or I'll be so embarrassed.

At the very least, let's keep going until this flabby stomach has been entirely reduced.

"Oh my, onii-sama, so you're really eating vegetables. What's more, about as much as I do."

Michelle came into the dining room and said so with wide eyes.

"Ahh, whenever I would get up in the morning my stomach would feel kind of

queasy, but that's not the case today. It seems that an appropriate amount of vegetables and a moderate amount of meat is good for the body."

"Onii-sama, you used to always pack as much food as possible into your body, and what's more, as fast as you could."

Reminding me of Marcel's eating habits up until now, my sister was giggling.

"Now that I think on it, I don't think that was very elegant....."

While I was still a round pig, it seems that we often quarreled due to Michelle making fun of Marcel, but this time I'm honestly reflecting on my past actions.

".....Onii-sama, so you're really aiming to be like Raiheart-sama, eh."

"Of course. It's so that I don't embarrass myself as the older brother of Prince Edwards. If I had kept continuing on like that, I would have been as round as a pig, and would have been so embarrassed to stand near him."

"Oh my, Prince Edwards is such a wonderful person though, he wouldn't do something like judge a person based on outer appearance! When I was chatting with him in the royal palace, not only is he so handsome and kind, he splendidly said that no matter what people look like, he'll be considerate of their feelings. Of course, I agreed with him as well."

As expected of Prince Edwards – he's left such a good impression on my smiling sister Michelle.

Mmm, you were raised in such a bad place, as your brother, I was worried about what kind of conversation you would have..... Although I expected it, she also saw the prince rebuking someone by saying who do you think you are, and he was distant from others and blaming them for things.

And so, my sister agreed with what's common sense without noticing it.

.....In comparison to Michelle, my first impression of the prince is much lower. It looks like I'm going to have to visit the royal palace and set things on track.

While thinking about a strategy to deal with this, I paid no more attention to Michelle telling me stories about Prince Edwards and continued to eat lunch.

After eating, I rested in my room for a bit and then studied with Miss Mary. Although I had thought that I might not be able to move at all today due to this morning's training regimen, I had recovered due to my bath, meal, and resting, and was able to work hard at studying without any problems.

During my exercise this morning, Lloyd heard my plans for the day from me, if he's calculated his training menu with all this in mind then he's really amazing.

Since I had a lot less time available for studying today compared to yesterday, we focused on the topics of arithmetic and geography. I think all of Miss Mary's teaching tools and materials are handmade, she's put her heart into making what she teaches short yet compact. I think she's really quite a good teacher.

After I finished studying, I came to the detached cottage in the west garden. Once every three days, I would come to read books here, and today's that day.

Ever since I've remembered my past life, I've thought that the education system here is strange. Basically, learning is all from what the governess teaches you, but reading and writing are the only subjects not included in that.

Then, if you ask what's done instead, it's that I'm supposed to come here to read books once every three days.

I looked up above the cottage. It's a tower that looks from the outside like it's about two stories tall. I opened the door, and called out a greeting.

"Wolf jii-san, I'm here."

The decorative taste inside the cottage was quite different from the mansion. In the center of the room, there was a table with a lot of books piled on top. Apart from a door that leads to the bedroom, the walls were entirely covered with bookshelves, and there was also a ladder for them in the room.

Using my previous life as a standard, it's not nearly as many books as a city's public library would be, but it should easily match my school library's collection. There was a magic tool hanging from the ceiling, giving off a bright light.

"Ohh, welcome, Marcel-sama."

I heard a voice coming from the mountain of books. Buried amongst the piles and piles of books was the elderly master of this cottage, Wolfram.

This ojii-san is the only person that Marcel still doesn't know how to approach up to now. He's not like a grandfather or anything. He's the reading and writing teacher for me and Michelle, but he's not an ordinary servant. From the fact that even my parents pay a certain amount of respect to him, I think it might be more appropriate to describe him as a guest.

I don't know what his position is or what his relationship with my parents is, he seems to have quite some talent in teaching aristocrats though so it's probable that he was invited for such a purpose.

Let's take this chance to see what he can do.

"Well then, come on, take that book sitting over there that's for you today. If you get tired, the best thing is to read a book."

After giving me instructions, Wolf jii-san went back to reading his own book. From time to time he would raise his glass to his lips.

It's wine.

Ever since Marcel started understanding the ways of the world, this jii-san would always be indulging in wine while reading a book with his other hand.

At first, he did teach Marcel how to properly read and write to some extent, but later it basically became entirely self-study. He'll instruct me to read something, and after that it's just reading.

Thinking of it now it's really a mystery, only during this book reading time does Marcel's selfishness not work for him at all.

No matter how tired Marcel was or how badly he was misbehaving, he never skipped out on book reading time even once. Come to think of it, what would that be. I'm going to have to make sure of the reason.

"Wolf jii-san, I've arrived~."

Michelle has arrived as well. The maid that was always with her wasn't here now. She only accompanied Michelle to the cottage, and then returned to the mansion.

"Welcome, Michelle-sama. Your book for today is over there, so please take it."

“I understand.”

Michelle was also obedient whenever she was with Wolf jii-san. Probably, she’s just like me in that she treats him courteously because she doesn’t know exactly what kind of existence he is.

Michelle and I sat in chairs next to each other, and were both reading our own respective books. Using standards from my previous world, my book seems to be at a first-year middle schooler’s level, while Michelle’s is at an older elementary schooler’s level. This world’s spoken and written language are both Japanese.

Languages like English, French, and German are also present, but these are considered aristocratic ancient languages. Kanji seems to be the commoners’ ancient language, so probably because of the original game it’s still appearing in the language now. It’s used in people’s names and some proper nouns in the ancient language, but right now it’s not being used in the mother language of the country or by the people.

However, there’s plenty of examples in the books, and I’m also practicing with them.

Apparently learning ancient languages is considered a refined noble hobby, so they spend quite some time on learning them.

Though my knowledge is imperfect, somehow or other I still mostly remember the kanji characters that a ten-year-old middle school student should know, it’s obvious to see how much passion I’m putting into this.

But however, this is that Wolf jii-san I’m dealing with. Although I said it earlier, he helped us get the basics down to some extent, and after that it’s only been entirely self-study.

I can’t feel any teaching spirit from him.

I understand why someone like Miss Mary would be disappointed in how I am now, but it feels like jii-san started out like this.

When I finished the book, I approached Wolf jii-san.

“Wolf jii-san, I’m finished.”

“Oh my, that was fast. Well then try this, it’s the basic characters in the ancient language.”

He passed me some paper used for writing the alphabet, and Wolf jii-san went back to concentrating on his own book.

I focused on this as well and finished it quickly.

“I’m done.”

“Then, that’s all I have for you to do today. Just read whatever you want at your leisure.”

“There’s nothing else to do for today? Bring some more out. I want to increase the amount starting from next time.”

At my assertion, Wolf jii-san started laughing heartily.

“What’s this, Marcel-sama is so motivated today.”

“Ahh, Wolf jii-san, I’m aiming to become like the king’s brother Raiheart-dono. That’s why, I would like for you to teach me more.”

I said what I always did.

“The king’s brother, eh. Ahh, that’s right, Michelle-sama just got engaged to Prince Edwards recently. Michelle-sama, congratulations.”

“That’s right, Wolf jii-san! Listen listen, Prince Edwards is -”

“Wait, Michelle. Wolf jii-san, that’s why I’m now different from before. So, please give me more -”

I interrupted Michelle who was almost blooming like a flower so happily with the chance to talk about her Prince Edwards, and argued vehemently.

“Those who believe they will succeed, will not. And those who believe they will not, will. – Well then, wilt thou succeed, or wilt thou not?”

Wolf jii-san’s drunken atmosphere up to now suddenly changed, and he looked directly at me. It’s different from the friendly way he’s treated me up to now, and I suddenly felt a pain in my stomach from being stared at. It’s an atmosphere which feels like denial or rejection.

“‘Shoot for the moon,’ is an ancient proverb. I’ll be rooting for you, Marcel-

sama. – Well then, Michelle-sama, please let me hear your story about Prince Edwards.”

Wolfram jii-san returned to his drunken state again and returned to the topic of Michelle’s story.

With the book reading time I had left, I kept trying to figure out the meaning of his words.



# Chapter 7

Tranlated/ Edited by imprefectluck (1st part) and Silver (2nd part)

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## Chapter 7 – The brother is defeated by the cottage of books

It's been one month since I recovered my memories of my past life. It's late in fall now and it's become quite cold, but today I'm running around on the training grounds as well. Lloyd's advice had been to try to increase the distance I could run without stopping to rest as much as possible, so I'm working hard with that goal in mind.

Because of this, I've finally been able to regain a bit of the feeling I had from my past body due to the difference in physique right after I reincarnated. If I pace myself correctly, even though it takes a long time, I'm able to run thirty laps. When I first completed thirty laps successfully last week, I couldn't help but shout excitedly and jump up and down in celebration, drawing a strange look from Lloyd. However, even though I was able to complete thirty laps, I would always end up collapsing after finishing. The reason was clear.

It's just as old man Wolf said.

My change was favorably looked upon by Roy, Kana, and the other servants, as well as Miss Mary and Lloyd. At first, they all had a rather strange attitude towards it all, but by now they seem to have changed their minds towards me. Michelle's attitude towards me has become better as well, but she still isn't exercising with me.

However, only Wolfram was different.

Apart from my parents whom I still haven't told about my change, he's the only one that isn't treating me any differently even after hearing from me my reasons for wanting to change. In that tower of books, just like always, he would stroke his beard with one hand and read a book with the other, and would only occasionally have us practice spelling or point out books for us to read. Even

though I'm really motivated to work hard right now, no matter how much motivation I show him, nothing has changed.

“What someone thinks will succeed won't, and what someone doesn't strive for will succeed – Well then, willst thou succeed, or willst thou not?”

“Shoot for the moon.”

Even though I've been thinking about it ever since that day, I still have no answer.

On the following reading day, I used the “pig mode” to try and get a reaction with some threats: “old man Wolf! What did you mean with those phrases before! Tell me! Or else I'll tell father on you!”

Then, “it's fine if I tell you, but if you don't figure it out yourself you'll never understand the answer in your life, though? Is that still fine?” was his reply.

In the end, what I figured out was that I had to think of the answer myself. And, that old man Wolf wasn't afraid of father.

I didn't really intend to tell on him to father, but even when I brought father up he didn't budge on the subject at all. It even seemed that he was disappointed in me for quickly relying on my father right after I had declared that I would change.

During the last month, I didn't really apply myself to training or studying.

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## Part 2

For the next three days, I tried to get the answer from to the problem from old man Wolfram, but there was no change in his response.

Suddenly, out of breath. If being conceiving in the mind, but also the pace. The speed that flow too much declines in an instant, as the legs, heart and lungs could not handle the dissatisfaction of the conscious. As of the 25th lap, I sunk down in the ground of the training grounds.

” Marcel-sama , a towel”

Kana whom ran up, hands it to me.

“Marcel-sama, here is an orange”

Similarly Roy whom ran up too, and hands me the orange. The skin was already peeled, and I threw 3 bunches into the mouth at once.

“... Thanks,. Being prepared is good”

“Mr. Lloyd, said will be here soon and to be ready for him. I was surprised on the street!”

“Hmm, ....., this orange and taste of yesterday’s are different. the sweetness is stronger.”

“Oh, come to think of it a message from Helen was completely to forgotten! I’m sorry! The type up till now can not be gotten anymore, so from today forward this type will be used. ”

Kana was as absent-minded as usual.

“Marcel-sama seems to be having some trouble.”

Lloyd said that it, as he approached unreservedly.

“Today, we will not use the wooden sword to train. Take a rest and do another five laps, after that we will do double usual footwork exercises, at the end”

When “such is double in quiet one!” ... .. Okay, despite it wooden sword, it is dangerous when you are in the state that you cannot fully concentrate on it. In addition, footwork is important. They say that Raiheart-sama took down 10 robbers with just his splendid footwork.”

There is also a chapter like that about the king’s older brother, as expected!

“I am glad that you understand”

In away I showed a blunder once I finished running, and entered the footwork training I thought about something again, and turned around loudly and let Lloyd disgust it.

Only, old man Wolfram !

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“Oh Marcel-sama, you appear to have repeatedly forgotten about circumstance .”

“What!”

It was pointed out by Miss Mary, and I raised a voice of surprise. Furthermore, it was not acting. I did not intend to be wrong this time, but the way I’ve been thinking about it might have been wrong.

“It is a mistake that happens quite often, take care to be careful of it”

Even if it was not serious according to Miss Mary, it was a considerable shock. Then it is understandable that my face became red.

“Well, Miss Mary. What kind of meaning do you think “I aim for the moon...” has?”.

Because I am ashamed that it was pointed out, I asked a question and tried to manipulate the answer out of her.

“Aiming for the moon ... ..”

Miss Mary, thoughtfully pondered the meaning. As for my blushing, it seems not to have been noticed somehow or other.

“It is an impression that “what you try to do hardly comes true” if I read only words, but depends on what kind of situation it is used in”

“.....In some circumstance? Than I should think for myself. Thank you”

“I’m sorry I was unable to help. By the way Marcel-sama, your feelings are unexpectedly reflected on your face; such a cute look.”

You securely noticed! And what do you mean it might be “a cute” kind of look.

“Ah , I don’t know what you are talking about! Well, Miss Mary is the next study, the next one!

“So I have come here without also finding a solution today.”

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I saw the tower of the books before my eyes, and I can't open a door.

"Onii-sama, what's the matter?"

At such a place, Micheline came. Also following her was one of her maidservants.

She was slight distance away, but had on a well made fur cape. It was white and bulky and seemed to be quite warm.

"Hmm, no, I'm alright."

"Though you're 'alright', you seem at a loss in front of this door. Ah, Emi has already come back."

"Certainly."

Oh, Micheline calls the maidservant by name.

For one month, I taught one paragraph of [The Legend of Queen Lydianne] casually, and the effects that show how to interact with the servants seem to have appeared.

"..... Suddenly smiling again, strange onii-sama."

Relaxing my occupied mind, I turn towards my loving sister. And without knowing the heart of my younger sister, said

"Micheline you're really cute."

"Don't look so passionate when you say that!"

Micheline utters a cry of protest.

Did you change a little because your older brother's good points are recently high?

"I wholeheartedly believe it. Ah, Micheline is really really cute. "

"Muu! What do you say was I!?"

Micheline squeaked as she got angry.

“Bah, I spoke out loud because recently I’ve thought that every day-”

I flashed suddenly, and turned around in order to escape from Micheline.

“well ... ”

“Yes! Yes!”

Micheline is slapping me on the back warmly, but I’m not concerned.

“——— !”

“Hey, onii-sama ! ?”

I opened the door of the book tower, while catching the surprising voice to a back.

“Oh, Marcel-sama, I thought you had broken the door.”

Old man Wolfram had an open book to one hand with some wine in the other. But his expression wasn’t clouded over with drunkenness.

“Old man Wolfram. I’ve found the answer! That is, that question’s words themselves can have various interpretations.”

Even if an answer is choose from there, its meaning can be changed easily. For some, the answer is not to worry, while others become concentrated about such things. That is why, rather than clinging to one right answer, I take into account various possibilities and tell Wolfram the importance of such a reason. And that question, is something that if one were able to experience it firsthand, than effects can also can tie up your opponent. I vehemently argue such a thing.

Then ...

“It is possible to to reach 99 points, but your answers comes to 60 points”

Old man Wolfram tips the wineglass while patting his white mustache and grins. Just like an evil wizard.

“Why is that?!”

“Yes, exactly because it is.

“HM??”

In my confusion, old man Wolfram laughs at me.

“HA HA HA, indeed superbly able notice. About the terror of settling down and coping. However, how is your state now?”.

“–Oh!”

I thought back to my body and blushed.

Having realized the dangers of rigid thinking, I questioned how exactly I measured in Wolfram’s evaluation.

“At this...”

“Furthermore, 100 points on the answer for realizing that it was not the question.”

Old man Wolfram gulped down wine while smiling as if me finding an answer and am carried away when I wasn’t blue.

“Onii-sama! Don’t start running suddenly!, also known as a thing of a while ago don’t yet permit it! Onii-sama!”

I tasted my defeat while being rocked by Micheline who was late coming in.

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Silver’s note: Had problems with the last part help if you can.

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# Chapter 8

Translator/Editor: Silver

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## 8. Older Brother's new Determination The season changed to winter.

After dinner, I step out of the bath and passed the body towel to Roy. I then look at my belly, arms, and legs. Three months ago they were showing signs of a pig-like form, but now have become firm and neat. Still the abdominal muscles have yet to appear, but slim muscles can be felt on the arms and legs. It's a good trend.

I am also aware that my height is increasing as well, do to the well-balanced diet I have taken on during my growth period. I intended to ask Roy, but I think that he would not notice the delicate changes because we see each other every day.

I look back on the content of my recent training, that brought about this body with a good feeling. Recently, in addition to the footwork and swinging of the wooden sword, stances have been incorporated as well. Skills of offensive and defensive styles have been established within the basics of the training. The first week of learning these styles, I questioned their importance as the movements were so slow, I even complained about it in "pig mode", but once the speed of the techniques increased it became difficult to keep up.

Even a wooden sword can create destructive power when enough speed and power is put behind it. Do to the concentration necessary to remain uninjured, I would become worn-out at the end of each training session. But as a result my stamina and physical strength have greatly improved. I was still running 30 laps for warm ups, but my speed rose and fatigue greatly decreased. Lloyd will most likely adjust the the contents of the training soon, to match my physical capabilities.

Old man Wolfram is still the same, only providing the martial arts for reading and writing practice. He has show little interest in my actions so far. Basically, I'm a



bookworm in the grasp of a drunkard. *{this is most likely an Idiom}* However, although it is small, I do feel some interest from the old man.

As for my other studies, since arithmetic hasn't changed all that much from my past life, I have become praised for my memorization and studious nature.

There is also the matter of the history of the Arufetozo kingdom, my new home country.

Geography, terrain and locations of major cities are all learned little by little. I did not systematically study science related fields, however when the type of oranges eaten during training changed I was taught about harvesting and seasonal crops. When Miss Mary lacked the information asked for, I would check in a book or go to the local town to research it.

Therefore, my efforts in studying could be said to be going smoothly.

However, it could be said that that is all that's going well, the relationship with and behavior of Micheline needs more adjusting, as they have been neglected since spring.

When I'm with Miss Mary, she will always say this and that as a comparison of Micheline and myself. However I can not speak out against her attitude. There is a danger of the relationship between me and Micheline falling apart.

I may have to burn her hand, so that things don't fall apart here. *{this to}*

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It is very difficult to acquire proper manners, but I'm am expected to attend a party at the royal palace on New Years, so I have to know the correct etiquette. At the party, I will finally meet prince Edward. In the original game, the pig used the authority of the duke household and the title of brother-in-law to get close to the prince, but I plan to build a solid relationship with him in this world.

On the prince route of the game, Edward was a mild, gentle and resolute person; that showed no fear in standing against wickedness. In short, a true prince charming. If nothing goes wrong here, the two of us won't have to be at

odds with one another.

While thinking about this on the way back to my room —

“What do you mean?! It was said that it would arrive today!”

I heard an enraged voice from Michline’s room

Recently I thought that attitude with the servants had softened, but is it still no good?

Even if I invite you exercise with me, it is still a long road ahead.

I grazed at Roy’s eyes, finding sympathy there, before knocking on the door announcing my presence.

“Marcel-sama seems to want to meet with ojou-sama , is it alright?”

I heard a some noise in the room, but after a little while I was let in.

“Onii-sama, it is a violation of etiquette to suddenly visit a lady’s room unannounced”

Micheline says that in a calm tone of voice, but hints of anger manage to linger on.

“A lady would not utter a voice filled with such anger, that it could be heard outside her room. What was that?”

“..... It is not related to you onii-sama.”

Oops.

Her manner of speaking suddenly stiffens, probably because of the tone I was speaking in.

Then I thought about the New Years party next month. I have to teach her not vent her anger on the servants before than.

“Micheline. It doesn’t matter if it is connected to me or not. A while ago, I heard a scream, perhaps it has something to do with a delivery being delayed? It is not the fault of the maidservant who reported the progress to you. It is not the figure of a lady to vent her anger on those that haven’t wronged them in anyway.”

I thought that I was little cold with her, but for the sake of our future , I gave my piece on the matter.

“— Onii-sama you idiot!”

Micheline with tears in her eyes, disappeared behind the bedroom door.

“..... Marcel-sama, I ask that the rudeness of ojou-sama be forgiven this night”

Emi the maidservant of Micheline lowered her head, pleading to me. It should be the person that shouted at me apologizing, but the atmosphere seem to say that I was somewhat responsible for the situation, so will let it slide.

“I see ..... when others have been troubled by you, Micheline you apologize though other people. you should talk to onii-san more.”

I said so, but the reaction was unfavorable for the time being.

“Thank you very much for your consideration. Please have a good night.”

At Emi’s kind send off, I was driven away, and returned to my own room.

‘Hey Roy, did I make a mistake on that situation?’

Because I was lost, I asked for clarity.

“No, the lesson Marcel-sama tried to teach was a good one.....”

He says so, but Roy has the face which seems somewhat complicated, too. How should I say..., it is a feeling of grieving over the wrongness of the whole thing.

What do you Know?

“..... Tomorrow, why don’t I do things that will cheer Micheline up?”

“I think that it is a very wonderful idea.”

Roy agreed without a second thought. He definitely knows what is going on. But the atmosphere told me that I would not get an answer out of him.

Despite not being satisfied with how things were, I went to sleep.

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The next morning.

“Snow ..... !”

From the window, one could see the entire garden was covered with pristine white snow. It seemed to have piled on thick last night, for a clear blue sky can be seen now. The sunshine reflects off the snow, with dazzling effects.

“Well, lets go with this.”

When I saw the snow I was struck with an idea, and called for Roy.

Finishing breakfast, I immediately return to my room. Recently, I would eat breakfast with Micheline, but today she had excused herself saying that she had already eaten.

Well I expected as much.

I change into my usual singlet at once. Usually I would end it what just this, but I also add winter clothing and prepare gloves and a hat. With preparations done, I hear a knocking a the door.

“Enter”

“Excuse me. Marcel-sama, ojou-sama appears to be ready.”

“That is good. I’m also ready. Let’s go.”

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“Onii-sama, what intentions do you have taking me out at such a time?”

Micheline appears to be dissatisfied with me as we and Emi make our way towards the east training ground.

After all the events of yesterday seem to have left an impact on her.

However, being both as fast and as warm as possible I said, “Because it snowed really hard last night, let’s make a snowman?”

I had this idea when I saw the snow; the make a snowman and make up with

each other operation. In addition, for this operation to happen, I even cancelled training with Lloyd today.

“Snowman! Is that possible?”

My younger sister’s mood completely changed and she had an interesting expression.

“it was drawn in a picture of one of old man Wolfram’s ancient picture books. It would be impossible to build alone, that is why I want your help Micheline.

“Well, it is inevitable, I’ll help you. It is a large project after all!”

I am visibly excited when that remark comes.

Children have high spirits when it comes to playing in the snow. Even I myself in this body, become somewhat lively.

” The first step is to make the base”

I strengthen and shape the snow into the feet that will become the base of the project. Fortunately, it snowed lightly enough that it was easy to manipulate the snow on the ground.

“Only onii-sama is doing anything! I can help too!”

Micheline rushed over and insisted on helping, so I passed the mound of snow to her and she triumphantly began to roll it.

When it grow to the height of Micheline’s thigh her movements started to become dull.

“Onii-sama! Please help me!”

“Ok, here we go!”

The mood seemed to improve somehow or other.

The bottom part of the snowman was moved by the two of us around the training grounds.

When its size reached to my chest, Roy lent a hand to help push it to the roofed part of the grounds.

“why’d you put it here”

“Because there is a roof, and the sunlight can be stopped. If the snowman becomes warm it will melt. I’d like to make it last even a little bit longer.”

Micheline then spoke,

“.....you know the child of the book cast a spell on his snowman.”

“《you who are not anybody yet, I—》”

“《Myself give the a name》”

“《That tells of winter’s arrival. That tells the awakening of spring.》”

Micheline recites it, as if it were a song

“《My friend who will stay inside》”

I participated in the last one sentence, too.

“Despite it being from a picture book, does reciting an ancient language finish the spell? That was great, Micheline.”

“Because it was a good story, I memorized the chant to heart”

Micheline says such a modest remark as if it were natural.

“Come, onii-sama let’s create the stomach and the head”

Then Micheline and I make the middle and the head while reciting the story of the snowman.

The body was placed on the base, however it was too high for the two of us to place the head so we had Roy and Emi do that. Kana brought a carrot from the kitchen to use as a nose and I found some relatively round pebbles to use as eyes. An old pot was then placed on its head.

“It is finished!”

“It’s pretty!”

I’m satisfied and I look at Micheline and the people that helped make this snowman.

“It would be nice if it began to move like in the picture book”

But, it didn’t.

“Micheline you should immediately go take a bath to warm up. Also we appear to have worked up quite a sweat. When we cool down we might catch a cold.

Kana, please hurry with preparations!”

“Certainly!”

Kana acted unusually alert and nimbly.

It is possible for you act like that?

“While we were in the middle of making it, I didn’t notice, but I did sweat a lot”

“It was good exercise. Training was cancelled today, but I might have sweated just a much a usual. I’m a little tired.”

“I’m tired, but it’s somewhat pleasant.”

Micheline says with a simple expression.

“As expected, more,——”

“Hmm Did you say something?”

“I don’t say anything!”

Micheline was mumbled something, but denies it in a hurry.

“I’ll go take that bath”

After declaring that Micheline returned to the house.

Because I would get cold If I merely waited for Micheline to get out, I practiced my footwork in the snow.

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After dinner that day I was waiting for Micheline in my room.

It was rare for her to come Inside, but there was something she wanted to show me.

“Just want on earth could it be”

In preparation for the receiving of the gift Roy and Kana wait with me.

A knock sounds.

“Marcel-sama it is ojou-sama. I’m ready. Please, madam, ”

Roy opened the door and received her.

“what!?”

I saw the figure of Micheline who came in, and uttered an astonished cry. They were pink colored, but they were obviously the same type of exercise clothes that I use.

“Micheline, is it...”

“I also thought it was bad that I keep declining onii-sama’s invitation, so I had this prepared. Also, there I a story of Queen Lydia running nonstop to inform the king of a great crisis.”

Not use to her current appearance, Micheline blushes And the truth of yesterday’s affair became clear to me.

“I’m sorry, Micheline it was because it did not arrive yesterday that you shouted!?”

I lowered my head with all of my might

Thought she was angry that she could not join me in training, I scolded her far stepping out of line.

Because Emi understood Micheline’s feeling, too, I got such a cold reply from her.

Roy should have known it, too.

“It’s okay onii-sama. I who shouted at blameless Emi was as bad as onii-sama said .....”

Micheline began crying.

Remembering yesterday’s sorrow, it is a relief that one’s feelings were understood. My eyes became hot, as I hugged Micheline and started to cry myself.

I could not even notice the feelings of my sister, yet continued to act superior. I am still immature.



I continued hugging Micheline while making up my mind to become a more excellent older brother.

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# chapter 9

Translator/Editor: Silver

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## 9. Older Brother training with sister/ ???

10 days have passed since the day I made a snowman with Micheline. The chill that brought the snow don't last long, and the snow that covered the training ground disappeared after the 2nd day, Even the snow in the shade was melting as well.

Meanwhile, under Lloyd's instruction, I practiced footwork and stances in the roofed part of the training grounds. Lloyd said that it took three days to regain what was lost from one day of negligent, but he had said was spoken before in previous my previous life. No matter what world, it is always difficult to acquire new skills.

By the way, Micheline had her training debut 5 days ago when the ground dried up. Dressed in her pink exercise clothes, Micheline came with Emi, full of enthusiasm and I was truly touched by it.

However,

"It's suitable, Micheline"

I was glared at with a complex expression when I said that. I seemed to have offended her somehow, but I have no idea how ..... .

Aside from that, I suppressed Micheline's enthusiasm to start immediately, and had her do warm ups first.

"It is good to relax your joints before running. You could sprain an ankle if you just start running"

While I was leading Micheline through the stretches and explaining the importance of them Lloyd asked,

"Hohou, Marcel-sama where did you learn such movements?"

Oops, I thought.

In this world, there doesn't seem to be systematized stretches yet. They didn't exist, but Lloyd saw through the utility from his experience and is interested in where I learned it from.

"Oh, this is... I read about it in an ancient book, when I practiced my reading and writing."

"Is that so? I'll have to try it in the future."

He did not question it too deeply.

Thank you very much, ancient people.

"Onii-sama! Is this enough already?"

"Oh, yes. Well, let's get started."

I go slowly at the start when I sprint, suddenly it became hot. Because it is her first time exercising, I cut down on my speed. I thought she would be able to complete it because even when I was chubby I was able to complete 10 laps but,

"HAA, HII and HAA"

Micheline's breathing became rough only after 3 laps.

"Because it's the first time you've ran in earnest, don't force yourself."

I who was ahead slow my pace and state that.

"we have only just began, sawa!"

I take Micheline, who insists that she is all right to Emi, so that she can eat some oranges and regain her strength.

"Why is it that....., onii-sama can run so much?"

Come to think of it, Micheline must have observed my training for quite some time. Recently I could run 30 laps at a steady pace with little effort, Micheline must have assumed that that was normal. Indeed, before I regained my past life's memories, I wasn't as active as Micheline was. If I could do it, no wonder she thought that she could.

"It is a matter of experience and age. I've been running for more than three

months, and have 2 years more physical development than Micheline does. You will be able to run more if you continue with it.”

When I say so, and try to continue running,

“On the first day how many laps did onii-sama run?”

I was asked so.

I am happy because I saw determination in her eyes.

“13 laps. But there were rests in between. Once your breathing has calmed down, see if you can do another lap. It will not all happen at once, but it will accumulate little by little.”

I started to run after that.

After a little while, Micheline stood up again. I slow down more than at the beginning, and stay with her until she takes a rest.

Also, after the one lap I take a rest. After that I sped through the the last of my 30 laps without haste.

All of a sudden, Lloyd stops me when I was about to practice my footwork.

“Marcel-sama, please go take care of ojou-sama.”

Micheline was just returning to the starting point. I had watched and counted while I was training, so what is the matter?

“Oh, all right?”

Micheline leans on me, to prevent herself from falling over, as she crosses the goal.

“Wow, you did a good job!”

I said and had a look of accomplishment.

“I did my best”

I carry her over to the roofed section of the training grounds.

“I did so well because Blanche was watching.”

Micheline informs my about it and then starts to blush.

“Well, thank you very much, Blanche”

I also tapped the shoulder my sister's benefactor. To be precise, the area around where the shoulder should be but, Blanche is the snowman made by Micheline and me. The snow around him had melted, but the shade covered Blanche had remained.

It was an event that happened 5 days ago.

Micheline began talking to the snowman everyday when she came to watch me train. It became clear that she had exercise clothes in a variety of colors besides pink, like in purple and light blue.

It was good, but...

"No matter how much shade there was, it could only prevent the melting so much."

As expected, Blanche started shrink as Micheline watched. However, the surface remained as beautifully white as the name implied. I remember from my past life that snow should become dirty as time went on. I was pleased with Micheline's innocence, but I began to wonder what was happening. Why was he so pristine, even though it was no longer cold out. Roy, Kana, Emi and Lloyd who came to training ground aren't worrying about it particularly, either, so it may be a commonplace phenomenon in this world. Where the properties of the water different here?

I asked Miss Mary at time of study.

"Why does the snow melt this way?..... Hmm. I think it's various by the temperature and the direction of the wind."

The answer of Miss Mary was very sensible.

"If you go to town you would find similar examples if you ask around."

Miss Mary says with a smile on her face.

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That night I looked out the window into the garden because I wasn't able to fall asleep. Suddenly, something flickered in the corner of my view.

A small light?

It was a light different from the flame of a lamp.

What is it?

It's impossible that it could've been a flashlight. Moreover, a mobile version of the magic tool that lights my room is impossible. The light passed out of sight after a while. My curiosity was pecked. Rather than disappear, it seemed to have left my sight. It was heading towards the the eastern training grounds. I known it was improper etiquette, but I put a jacket over my night wear and secretly left my room.

I passed through the usual door and exited the mansion. The chill stroke me immediately. Since the optimum temperature is maintained by the magic tool inside the mansion the weather outside had more of a bite to it. However, I advanced to the east training ground without being discouraged.

Even though it is a familiar place the atmosphere at night is completely different. My heart throbs. The stars were truly beautiful  
I arrive at the place with a familiar roof, and—.

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I wake up as usual. Roy comes over with a prepared outfit and tells me that breakfast was ready. I go down to the dining hall as usual and eat the salad, toast, ham and eggs; while talking with Micheline.

Hmm, it might be good to ask for a little more from now on.  
By the way, Micheline amount of bread has increased.  
My younger sister declares that she shall run 2 more laps then yesterday today.  
Emi her maidservant smiles modestly at that.

It is a good scene.

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Micheline who was here earlier, staggeringly ran around the training ground after taking a short rest after a meal for a while.

I watch her to see how well she does and then say,

“Blanche .....

Most of Blanche has melted. The main Body that was made of three sections barely has two remaining, the pan and the eyes I put on it have fallen off.

“It is truly sad, but there is no help for it. Snowmen melt pretty fast.”

I slept early last night and didn't notice, but it appears that wind and rain came down hard at night? Because the ground of the training ground was particularly muddy, weren't they?

Only on the snowman was there no sign of nature's touch.

It was steadier yesterday.

Just like—.

《You aren't supposed to think further ahead.》

I felt a chill suddenly for some reason.

Is it cold?

I held my shoulders unconsciously.

Lloyd who came over noticed Blanche coming undone said nothing. Micheline noticed after finishing 2 laps.

In the afternoon, I told Miss Mary that Blanche melted after we were finished studying. Even a town is left lengthily by a place and time, and. When thinking, it was said to be the fact that it's better to melt suddenly.

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In the book tower.

Today is the day of reading and writing practice. As always, old man Wolfram

was reading a book with a wine glass in one hand, gave Micheline and me notes to write out and books to read from. It was a scene that we all had grown accustomed to.

“..... You know old man Wolfram”

I stop my writing and call out.

“What is it Marcel-sama ?”

Wolfram answers with a smile that seems to be hiding something as usual.

“No, never mind”

“Hahaha, today’s Marcel-sama seems a little different than usual.”

I was laughed at.

Perhaps it was true though.

I have this strange feeling that I saw Wolfram in an unusual place yesterday. But I last met the old man three days ago for the regular reading and writing practice.

“Soon you two will be going to the capital, be careful not to catch a cold”

” That is right onii-sama, now onii-sama and Prince Edward can finally meet!”

Micheline stops writing and says that with great excitement.

Oh, that’s right. I have to be in perfect form when it comes time to meet Prince Edward. Hopefully this discomfort I feel will be overcome with a good night’s sleep.

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As for the snowman’s name. I think it is derived from another language’s word for white.

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# Chapter 10

Translated and edited by Silver

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## 10. Older Brother, meets a rival in the capital

We arrived at the capital, 3 days before the New Year. 2 days ago, we left the Alderton Dukedom's central residence. The trip took about 8 hours in a specially made carriage with acceleration and vibration reduction magical tools. Furthermore, the carriages of the bodyguards seem to only have the acceleration effect, for at each break I would see people that were blue in the face.

Micheline seems to have been well off, I thought sharing the same small space with our parents would have been hard, but she handled it unexpectedly and surprising well. The conversations grew lively when the story of dominate ancient languages were brought up. At dinner, Father talked about the territory and used the normal, parent-child way of speaking, as we enjoyed the mystery and meaning behind the story, however mother still showed some disdain whenever commoners and nobles interacted in the story. The expressions of my parents seemed more natural than usual, and Micheline seemed happy too.

In this brief moment I thought so.

However, in the closest town to the capital in the Alderton dukedom, the land baron was fired immediately on the first day of travel, for some small faults with the inn we stayed in. The former baron was immediately kicked out of his mansion and his former chief administrator, who gave off a villainous atmosphere, quickly took over.

I learned from Miss Mary that the so called real nobility of the Arufetozo kingdom started at the level of viscount. The barons seem to serve as a chief administrators of the territories of those with the title of duke, marquis, or earl. When there are no errors in administration and with a lot of luck, the proceeding generations of the baron's family may retain the title and control of the land.

With that sort of pedigree, it would then be difficult to remove them from their positions. However, most of the barons are in a position where they can be let go if their employer is simply in a bad mood.

The knight class that resides under the baron class is in a similar of those barons, or in some cases have the same value as a few small villages.

Father and mother could control their means of livelihood, like puppeteers, without much thought and were having fun chatting with Micheline the next night as we stayed in the town of Sile. While it was difficult to accept the values of the two while on the journey, the parent-child bond still remained.

...

..

.

We finally arrived at the imperial capital.

The major cite of my family's territory, Kalando, was great in its own right, but the capital city was truly impressive. The castle was surrounded by several district layers. As we passed through each district, approaching the royal palace, the streets became flashier and flashier. As is expected, the main street was maintained by the entrance.

However, the outer-rim of the city's wall was composed of slums, that were filled with many poor people. The beggars, vagrants, and orphans were forbidden from entering the main streets. It was the same for the imperial capital and my domains major city Kalando. As we advanced the scenery becomes even more luxuriant, but my heart became more clouded.

"Since the trees came into view, we will be arriving at the villa soon."

Micheline who remembered her recent stay became excited.

Since it has been 3 years since I last came here there was no strong impression of the place. But a large tree was remembered because of the disparity between it in the rest of the mansion's street.

The mansion was located in the district closest to the palace, the resident district of dukes and marquises', and was filled with elaborately designed

mansions. My Alderton family's villa had been prepared ahead of time, so that our family could recover from travel fatigue.

The house steward was named Ion. When we first arrived I was surprised that Ion was the one to greet us, but learned that it was, in fact, Ion's twin brother Ian that greeted us. The similarity of the two's appearance was at the level that they could be swapped and no one could tell the difference. It is great to see the siblings working so well together, despite the problems being twins may bring up. When I came last time I should have noticed them right away, but at the time I didn't give them the time of day.

The time we arrived was almost evening so I took a bath and had a meal after a short break. I wasn't aware of it, due to the magic tool that minimized vibration, but we all seemed to have built up quite a bit of travelers fatigue on the carriage ride here. By the time of the meal, Micheline could barely keep her eyes open. When we stayed in the town of Schiele the day before, I was fine, but I fell asleep the moment my head touched the pillow.

...

..

.

The next morning.

I seem to have been unusually tired because I slept in. I remember vaguely someone trying to wake me, but they seem to have given up.

As I was evaluating the fact, there was a knocking at the door.

"Ah, please enter."

"Good morning, Marcel-sama. Has your fatigue disappeared?"

Roy who was waiting outside the room came in. Even he must have been tired from the carriage ride, yet he managed to tough it out. It looked as if Kana who was on the same carriage as him did not show up though, is he going to be OK to work?

"Here is today's clothing"

Roy hands me my clothes.

“Thank you, is breakfast ready?”

“Yes. I had Kana go to the kitchen so that it would be prepared when you were finished dressing.”

For the time being, they don't mention the fact that I was Bedridden.

“Could you please ask around if there is a place I can run at near the villa?”

I did not want to miss a day of training so I packed my exercise clothes and wooden sword for the trip. Although there was a garden, it lacked a training ground like the family mansion in our dukedom. There should be some open space somewhere in the capital.

“I had asked last night, there should be a suitable open park 15 minutes away by foot.”

As is expected, Roy, he worked fast. Servants are amazing.

I at breakfast at once, had a short rest, handed my sword to ray, and then made my way to the park.

I had wanted to carry my own wooden sword, as I would be the one to use it. However, the nature of the location would cause problems, although open to the public it is owned by and frequented by nobles. Therefore, it would cause a bad reputation if the attendant was empty-handed while the master was carrying something. Although, Roy would not have been empty-handed because he was still carrying the basket of fruits and drinks for the breaks, it still would have been looked downed upon for me to carry anything. I thought that something like that could reach the ears of my parents as a bad rumor, so out of fear I made Roy carry everything.

In addition, I asked Ion if it would be alright to practice swordsmanship here, and learned that it was an obligation of male aristocrats to polish their sword skills and that I would be praised for doing so. In fact, nobles that stay in the royal capital often time practiced in spaces like this. So I can train here in piece.

By the way, I still invited Micheline to come. However, for the daughter of a duke to pass out from exhaustion in public would also lead to bad rumors. So, Micheline instead was reading a book on ancient languages in the villa today. It's said that my parents, who I didn't see today, are out to a tea party with other

nobles who have come to the Imperial capital for the New Year's celebration.

Meanwhile, the park became visible as my mind wandered, and with every step became bigger and bigger. The field we arrived at had a diameter of 6-70 meters with a large tree at the center. Cobblestone pavement encircled the park, moreover the large tree had eight walkways that stretched to the perimeter. At first I advanced straight from the entrance to the large tree. The small hill gained a pretty good slope as I walked to the center of the park.

"It was big from a far, but it is overwhelming up close"

The tree trunk was about ten meters wide, and the overall height was about 50 meters tall. In my previous life, it would most likely be considered a sacred tree.

Even the roots had special characteristics. Part of the roots grew above the ground, giving them a floating appearance. I could believe that this hill was made because this tree was here.

These strange roots matched my memory. When I came to the capital before, I seem to have visited this place.

I hung my head unconsciously. I was somewhat grateful for the thought.

"Now that the greeting is out of the way let's begin"

I return to the perimeter of the park and start to do some light stretches. It is a rough estimate, but 1 lap should be about 200 meters. I aim to do about 15 laps.

"Please wait here a moment"

When I said so to Roy, I started running.

It was somewhat difficult to run on the cobblestone street. As there were uneven patches, I had to watch carefully where I ran so that I didn't sprain my ankle. I go carefully as I complete my lap.

While I kept it up, I caught a suited youth enter the park. He looked to be carrying a basket and what appeared to be a sword rapped in a cloth.

Where there other nobles doing the same thing as me?

I thought about such a thing while passing him. If that is the case, I will meet them while running. I mean, in this neighborhood, there are only people of duke

and marquis families. So we should be of about equal status. The marquis families are officially at the top of nobility, but in actuality the duke families hold more power. So it would not be much of a problem if I did not know the circumstances of the corresponding party.

I continued to running thinking so. I did 5 laps but still didn't meet the mystery noble (tentative name). I couldn't see their back and there was no sign of them from behind. Perhaps, our speeds are the same. Because there was no sign of a person running, besides me, it could only mean that our paces matched each other's. It's an interesting coincidence.

As I ran the 10th lap a person's silhouette is seen in the edge of my vision.

Fiery red hair.

I could not make out their height from here, but they should be a child just like me. When the noble of the red hair looked at back for an instant, they began to run fiercely and disappeared from the view.

..... Would you by any chance want to play a game?

I did not want to cause trouble but old habits are hard to break. I started to run the 3 km with little restraint.

"Oh, it'll be OK."

I think in an optimistic way, as I finish running the 15 laps just like that. Sweat is wiped off at a starting spot, and I begin to eat some fruit and have some water.

"Marcel-sama, you may have already noticed, that someone who ran on the opposite way had already came."

"Yes, I noticed. The red-haired guy?"

"Yes. I saw the form many times while waiting here, from the heraldry of clothes and red hair, I think, it's one from the marquis Lambert family."

With red hair, is a person of the marquis Lambert house?

Because I am in the Royal capital, there is the possibility of the capture targets appearing.

Gaspar Lambert.

The eldest son of the Lambert family, a noble house that held outstanding military power in the kingdom, he is one of the capture targets that existed in the game.

Since he was the age of the heroine, he should be 1 year younger than me.

If I’m not mistaken, one of his settings was that he was a secret animal lover.

Something like a delinquent that feeds abandoned cats, maybe?

However I can only base this information on the game.

I certainly must meet him myself this time.

However, it would be strange to return to running in such a hurry, so I stay put and prepare for my meeting with Gaspar.

I saw the shadow of a person of the red hair over the curve.

Did you come at last?

.....○

.....○

.....○

He don’t come easily.

No, he was coming, but the progress was slow.

The red-haired boy came but was sweating a lot, he advanced one unsteady step at a time. There were wounds all over his body, but his eyes still carried a strong light in them.

His appearance reminds me of a relay race runner that tried his all to finish the race.

While I am stunned upon seeing him, Gasper finally arrives at my location.

“It’s my victory”

When he faced here, and I said so, he collapsed on his knees at last.

“CHO OI!”

I hurry to support Gaspar’s body up just like a concerned coach of a marathon runner.

“Gaspar-samaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!”

From the central way, the young male attendant ran in a fluster.

This was the first encounter of me and Gaspar Lambert.

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**Author’s note:**

A capture target finally appeared after 10 chapters. The progress may be slow, but pleas bear with me.

✂ I received some impressions and had revised parts of the story. Before revising the rest of it I wanted to introduce a capture target.

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# Chapter 11

Translator/ Editor: Silver

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11. Older brother, anguish of his past

“Roy”

“I understood”

Roy have his name called understood my intention, turned around to face the approaching Lambert family, to hold him down.

“Let go! What have you done?”

“If I release you, would you try to seize the boy? What if such actions lead to a greater decline of his health? You need to cool your head.”

I leave a yelling attendant to Roy, and slowly carry Gasper from the pathway up the hill. I then laid my jacket out and had him lie on it. He’d forced himself beyond his usual distance and pace, and was sweating a lot.

He seems to be a very competitive person.

I retrieve the drink bottle from the luggage I’d brought. It is a sports drink with several types of fruit juice mixed in, as well as water, sugar, and salt.

“Are you ok? Slowly drink a little of this.”

“Ugh..., I don’t drink water during training.”

Is this a show! I want to smash his grandeur at once, but I endure it somehow.

“This isn’t ordinary water. If you are the son of a marquis house, then you have probably read the king’s older brother Raiheart biography as well. This is a noble drink that Raiheart used to overcome the fatigue of running long distances. Thankfully drink it!”

In fact, it is bad for you to only drink water after an entice workout. When you exercise and perspire, ions such as the salt are lost as well as water.

When only water is replenished, the body’s balance greatly collapses. This was

how the structure of the human body worked in my pervious life, and I have learned that it is the same in this world as well. When I started training in the beginning of autumn, a combination of the lingering summer heat and a mistake in pacing caused me light dehydration. With my past life's knowledge I made a supplementary drink to improve my symptoms.

The body structure is the same here as it was in my past life. When exercising after that, I decided to always have this drink made, so I could apply myself to the training smoothly.

That's why, I gave it to Gaspar with confidence.

"Ugh..."

"Don't give that strange thing to Gasper-sama....."

"When having the gull to criticize the Duke Alderton kitchen, the appropriate resolution is required"

Roy says indifferently.

The attendant over there went silent to this.

"This is..."

Gaspar takes the bottle by himself and begins to drink.

He is more obedient than I thought. If he drinks too much it would be bad for his body, so he is stopped after a while and handed a wet towel. In addition, it is the normal water we brought that is used to wet the towel.

"....."

Silently he wipes the sweat off his face and neck.

"Roy"

"Yes, sir."

Understanding my will, Roy releases the restraint attendant.

But, the attendant just stared blankly.

"Don't you have to hand another towel to your master?"

When this was pointed out, he ran to his baggage in a hurry.

Mmm, Roy seems to be quite excellent follower as expected.

“You seem to be all right, but you should drink a little more”

I try to hand him the bottle again.

“.....it is unnecessary”

He says it bluntly, pushing the towel back to me.

“Gaspar-sama, I’m sorry to have kept you waiting!”

Gaspar slowly raised himself up and began to wipe his face with the towel his attendant brought.

“Sid, my sword!”

“Yes!”

It was an abrupt order, but the attendant Sid moved alertly and untied cloth of the wooden sword.

“I may have failed in running, but I won’t loss with the sword. Be ready!”

Gaspar throw his towel to his attendant, grabbed his wooden sword, and declared his challenge.

“I decline”

I refused it plainly while taking an orange out of the basket at unhurried pace.

“What was that!?”

Suddenly, I throw an orange towards Gaspar’s face.

“Even if I win a fight against you, there would be no glory in defeating an already fatigued opponent.”

He managed to catch the orange by placing his sword at his side, and jumping a little.

“Oh”

“It is a gift to you. It is an orange I got from the duke Alderton family’s merchants, so it should be good”

Phew, it went well somehow.

Because I learned Lloyd's feinting skills directly I could buff in good conditions, I looked good and said little.

This was a skill Lloyd me, when in pig mode I asked "to learn some cool skills".

From three steps away, Lloyd throw an orange my way. When I received it, there he was before my eyes.

So I practiced desperately and acquired it to the degree of an appearance for the time being. While their attention is distracted by the object, I use my footwork to close the distance instantly.

"Duke Alderton.....? I didn't hear that they adopted a child?"

Gaspar suddenly spoke a strange thing.

"My only sibling is my little sister Micheline?"

"You are the older brother of Micheline of the Alderton family? There is no way, could you be Marcel Alderton!?"

Why did you say that in such an astonished tone?

I mean I am Marcel Alderton.

"There is no difference between the past and now, I am Micheline's older brother Marcel"

Gaspar had a stunned expression.

.....oh, perhaps this is not our first meeting?

Suddenly, I look towards the tree in the park's center. A vision of a crying red haired child appeared next to one of the roots.

"Ah!"

I let out a stupid voice.

I seem to have met Gaspar here three years ago.

If I'm not mistaken, when I came here I climbed one of the tree's roots and declared the whole tree mine. It extended to the point of kicking other children (who were younger than me) off when they tried to climb the tree.

Gaspar appeared to have been one of them.

When I was dragged down, I was told apologized to the other children. Since I was already a jerk at the time, I instead said I would tell my father and escaped.

It seems like I gave the worst first impression.

“... Uh, I’m sorry. I remembered. I was a brat 3 years ago.”

I lower my head to Gaspar, while feeling bitter about my past actions. The direct victims of my actions were the children of the local nobles, when I meet them at the party I will have to apologies to them as well.

Gaspar opened his eyes wide when he looked at me.

I understand the feeling.

Nevertheless, the past can’t be changed with this fellow. I started a game and selfishly declared victory. Thus, etiquette states that I should apologize for the transgression.

In addition, I offer my sword to him, even if it is just a wooden one.

I have no excuse.

“ .....

Gaspar said nothing. No wait a voice was heard, but it was barely audible.

“Hmm? What is this? .....that drink, was not bad was it?”

Would he accept this apology?

“It was good.”

Offering a weak smiling, I replied.

“Come here tomorrow at this time, and fight me at your best condition! Let’s go Sid”

“Yes!”

Gaspar declared the time of the match, and started to run before I could hear a proper reply.

To be able to run like that, it seems he has a great recovery rate.

“I don’t remember it well, but Roy you accompanied me when I last came to the capital 3 years ago right?”

“No, that time another attendant went”

“Was it a person working for the mansion or the villa? Can you contact them?”

“.....it will be hard to contact the man that once served as your attendant”

I study Roy's face.

That person appears to have incurred father's displeasure and was thrown out.

Because I am uncertain of what I did 3 years ago, I want to learn of my past actions immediately.

For the time being, I have to worry about it later as I complete my daily training and practice my footwork.

No one else came to exercise, probably due to the cold.

When I returned to the villa; I had a bath, ate some lunch, had a short rest, and thought about tomorrow.

“A bout. What will happen now?”

“What bout?”

Micheline who was relaxing in the same room heard what I was thinking and came near.

“When I was training in the park today, I met the eldest son of the marquis Lambert household. He challenged me to a sword fight tomorrow”

“When you say the eldest son of the Lambert household, do you mean Gasper?”

“You know him.”

“Yes, it is common that friends of the same generation, exchange letters with one another. The boy from the Lambert house has the nickname red lion, and he started sword training last year. Since onii-sama only started training this autumn, I think it is best that you don't force yourself.”

Micheline looked at me with pity.

If he is able to live up to his reputation then, today might have been my only chance to defeat him.

But taking advantage of the opponent's fatigue in a dual would make me feel terrible.

“Can't you fight with a method which won't be painful somehow?”

“I would like to do so, but —”

As I spoke, and I was suddenly reminded of something. Yes it might work. The problem is the material, but I should be able to make something similar.

“Thank you Micheline, I might be okay somehow.

“Huh!?”

I hugged Micheline and told Roy to start gathering information on woodworking artisans and leather craftsmen.

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# Chapter 12

Translor/Editor: Silver

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## 12. Older Bother, match with his rival “Come, Marcel!”

I arrived at the park at the appointed time, Gasper seems to be heavily motivated as he was ready and waiting.

After all, his sword was already in position.

I think he was quite rude, making me wonder about the education policy of the marquis household.

“Here I come, Gasper”

I greet him normally, as I begin to stretch.

“Whats your game, doing those strange dances!!”

“Ah, before the sword fight, I was thinking of doing a little running”

“..... That so. Certainly what happened yesterday can’t be called a equal bout can it”

A victory declaration was done obstinately, but the person himself seems to be aware of it.

“So how many laps are you doing ? Last time it was 15”

“10 laps ! That will be a good limit. I usually do around 15 laps!”

Apparently, Gasper seemed to have been fighting to complete 10 laps. Should I slow the pace to keep him from getting completely exhausted.

“That would be good. Then, I’ll go. Oh, you should probably do what I’m doing”

I recommend it, while stretching my ankle.

“Are you telling me to imitate such strange movements? What is this about!”

“It is a custom before exercise. It would be embarrassing to call off the duel over a sprained ankle”



“What was that!”

While Gasper was outraged, I just continued to stretch my ankles.

Surprisingly, he was an obedient person.

“Okay, just this time. So give the attendant the signal.”

Gasper called to his attendant.

“You, do not use people selfishly.”

“Have Roy give the signal, since he is right here.”

“Aah!! I hate to lose! We will have both of them do it.”

Gasper says such a troublesome thing.

Roy makes a troubled face, but carries on when I glared into his eyes.

“Do it, Roy”

“Certainly.”

So, on the opposite sides of the path Roy and Sid , give the starting signal.

Gaspar was the to first moved.

He quickly disappeared as he ran.

His senses aren't bad.

The sidewalk of the park is made into a circle, elevated middle prevents a majority of visibility.

Pressure is felt when one doesn't know the location of his opponent.

For now, I will simply maintain my pace here. I will run the first 5 laps a familiar 3km, while holding on to a reserve of energy.

Using the first 4 laps to determine my policy.

At the side, the attendant of the person ahead had a happy look on his face.

When I think so, I begin to sign.

While I ran, it appears that I'd be lapped.

“You seem very relaxed, Marcel”

Gaspar appears next to me breathing heavily, it seem that the accelerated once he caught sight of me.

“Ah, it is important to begin things leisurely, as to finish without tiring yourself out.”

“.....”

Gaspar was silent. He probably did not understand sarcasm?

We ran my 4th and 5th lap side by side.

And on the 6th lap.

Once I pass the starting point, I start to burn through my saved stamina.

“!”

Gaspar snapped up.

However, he slowly dropped back down, by the time I entered the 7th I was no long behind.

Roy smiled, and Sid had a frightened expression.

What, I’m only emulating what you guys did in the beginning.

I flew smoothly, and finally caught up to Gaspar in the middle of the 9th lap.

He looked back and showed an astonished expression, but immediately turned around and resumed running.

I don’t miss it.

From here, I accelerated more.

On the 10th lap, the final stretch, I took the lead.

Gaspar, showing his pride pursues me.

I don’t look back, as his footsteps and breathing are transmitted to me.

However, as I entered the last half it was cut off.

At the goal I accept a towel from Roy, Taking deep breathes, I try to cool down.

I wanted to eat some fruit and have a drink as well, but it would be rather difficult to accept a rival that way, so I stopped my self.

When my breathing calmed down, Gasper came.

Though he was breathing roughly, he was not as bad off as yesterday.

“It was a good race.”

Two cups of my homemade sports drink are poured.

“.....”

“I’m not going to duel you while you are dehydrated”

Understanding my intentions, Gasper silently took the the drink and drank it.

When both of our breathing has settled, Gasper again takes up his wooden sword.

“Lets go”

Probably because he lost the race, he now had a stiff expression.

“Wait, in this duel lets each use this.”

I declared so, while picking up two rod-shaped items.

“..... What are those?”

Gaspar asked with a questioning look.

They were bamboo swords.

If we had dueled with wooden swords there would be a chance that one of use could get seriously hurt, so I asked a craftsmen who is employed by my family here in the capital, to quickly make these.

In my previous life I used these when I learned Yagyu Shinkage-style kendo, I remember reading manga and gaining some random knowledge on how to make them. The craftsmen was truly excellent, being able to create them at my request. Because the swords were made of a bamboo like plant, they were divided into several types. I had a leather craftsman help me seat the ideal strength and flexibility.

Because it was the end of the year, I rewarded the craftsmen generously.

With this, our safety is insured.

Last night— —

I took the completed bamboo swords and visited Micheline.

“Thanks to you Micheline, I was able to come up with a good tool.” It won’t hurt to get hit by this, so I can safely sword fight”

While expressing thanks, the structure of the sword is explained. Then, “Even if you are hit, you won’t be injured?”

Micheline still anxiously asked.

“Yeah, it’s okay. Want to give it a try?”

I passed the bamboo sword to Micheline, and encouraged her to hit me.

“To hit onii-sama in such a manner.....”

“It was made by a trusted craftsmen, it should be fine.”

“Alright then.....”

Peshi

The shock of being hit had more impact then the actual blow.

“Hahaha, I won’t feel it unless you swing harder.”

I pretend to laugh.

“Then, EI!”

Micheline increases her power, and strikes.

Peshi

“Haha, that tickled a bit.”

“Ehaa!”

Peshi

“Well, that stung a bit.”

“Haa! Yaa!”

Peshi! Peshi!

“Well, I actually felt that”

“Sore! Sore!”

Peshi! Peshi!

“See, Micheline?”

“Oh! Yaa!”

Bop!! Bop!!

“Hay! that one actually hurt a little!!”

At that point I was desperate to get the bamboo sword away from Micheline ,who was emitting a strange aura.

“Oh, Lets stop.....”

Micheline let out an ashamed breathe.

Somehow, I feel that an unnecessary door has fully opened for my sister.

What should I do?

Because I am hopeless, I went to sleep rubbing my back that had become slightly painful.

When I woke up this morning the pain had disappeared, so the swords functioned without a problem.

But with Micheline, “Onii-sama, can I try it once again?”, I seem to have created a big issue.

The bamboo swords were made, in exchange for future fears. Gasper didn’t complain.

“Although we have the strength of children, a hit from a wooden sword would be painful. Reciprocally, that would be bad. Worrying about that, would make us unable to show our full level of swordsmanship. With these, we can strike without hesitation.”

“..... that would be good.”

Gasper passed Sid his wooden sword, and received a bamboo sword from me.

“Victory to the one that gains the point first. The imposed degree is ignored. The judgment is reciprocal. How is that?”

I repeated the conditions I heard Lloyd uses for knight training.

“Understood”

Gaspar also familiar with these formal rules, accepts just like that.

“Also, lunging shall be prohibited. Since there is a possibility of injury when you thrust this weapon”

Gaspar nods, while keeping the bamboo sword in a middle berth.

“Then, shall we begin?”

“Let’s go!”

We confirm the start of the battle.

Gaspar attacks at once.

Fast.

I try to take some distance, while receiving the blow head on.

I focus on the character on the other side, that continued to strike, and managed to return my sword to middle berth and assume a posture.

He is surprisingly cautious.

As you would expect from a member of a marquis family.

“Haa!”

I prepared this time.

This shrike is to squarely hit my head.

The other side does not move, so I would receive the strike on the spot.

It a fierce completion, saw the timing of the opponent’s sword and drop down.

There is no chase.

Once again we distance ourselves, take a fighting stance, and glare at each other.

In a flash, Gaspar covers the distance.

I avoid, and counterattack from a distance. This was also stopped.

I had snagged something.

Gaspar's blows are fast for certain. But the attacks are monotonous and there are a lot of openings.

Though it was inviting, I decided to study them closer.

It may seem foolish, I try it.

Once again face to face, Gaspar attacks.

When I go down a half step and avoid, I throw myself into a counter touch just as Gaspar's sword is shaken off.

My single blow, managed to hit Gaspar's head.

"..... another one"

Gaspar did not release his stance.

His expression seemed to be frozen.

"Seo!"

I cater to his want of a rematch.

However, the result was cruel.

I see through Gaspar's opening perfectly, and end it with a counter strike.

Head, arms, torso, legs, hit hit hit hit.

Gaspar demanded a rematch to each time. After the 10th time, Gaspar, with a warped expression, just rushed in with headlong drives.

That's how it went.

I drove the last blow in, while we exchanged blows, as expected.

Gaspar sits in place.

"Father's a liar..."

With a faint voice, Gaspar began to shed tears.

"..... Don't you undergo sword training?"

Gaspar nodded to my question, and broke down into tears.

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# Chapter 13

Translator/Editor: Silver

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13. Older Brother, Worthy Rival I felt uncomfortable, watching the action of Gasper after that last blow. I thought it was a creative way of attack at first, but as it continued I tried to figure out how I should handle this situation. From the way he attacked, I understood that he had taken this seriously. Which made it all the more strange that his movement were so poor, it was as if he only learned how to how hold and swing around his sword.

“From what my sister told me, you had been sword training since last year right.....?”

I asked in a daze.

“.....That’s right! I began with cleaning the training grounds and polishing armor!”

Gasper says so, while glaring at me.

“Day after day I kept the grounds and armor in good condition for the knights. For my efforts I was finally able to use a wooden sword, since this autumn. As I began to run a set distance with it.”

I remember the students of traditional arts from my past life. If I’m not mistaken, the senior students would often time have the new disciples to do medial task like that. In a way, actions like this can cause one to take 20 years to master what could have been studied in 10.

The marquis house is military family.

The Red Lion Lambert.

I didn’t know you had to take up such an old-fashioned training style, simply because you’re the eldest son.

“I was glad to hear that I could do sword training at the start. Because it is my aim to become a knight like my father. But, I only did trivial duties for the knights and cleaning.....”



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As the saying goes, if given the same amount of sand, I would make a mound, while Gasper would build a foundation.

Temporarily I have the upper hand, but in the future I can be overcome.

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Gasper speaks with a dark expression.

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But Gaspar.

Your father is not a liar.

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Don't mind that I am at the slightly high position now.

Because you walk the royal road.

I thought so wholeheartedly.

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The reason being that you have yet to realize it yourself, Gasper.

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Word of my uselessness seems to already be widespread.

Where did it leak out from?

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Both are possible.

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Is this alright?

For the sake of this person, rather than the marquis household.

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"What?! Gasper-sama!"

"Don't stop me Sid! I don't have talent. Nothing was gained in that one year at all."

It is frustrating when results aren't gained.

If my speed and stamina had not increased little by little as I ran, I would have found it hard to continue with it. It would be ascetic training in which you cannot observe one's growth. It is really hard to maintain the course, when your goals seem untouchable.

With Gasper about to fall from his path, I could not pretend to not see it.

"You are wrong! Everyone believes that Gasper-sama can become a great knight!"

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Sid tries desperately to soothe the shaken Gasper.

What should I do?

This is not part of the original game. If I was still the fat pig, I would have not come to an open space to run when I visited the capital. The original Gasper, should have overcome the stagnation period himself, and completed the training method. This situation has caused a large shift in Gasper's future.

The original me had to be changed, in order for Micheline and I to survive. But that did not mean I intended for my actions to negatively affect other people. Now because of a dual, Gasper is losing the chance to overcome his own stagnation. If I leave him alone, it could lead to unpredictable consequences.

What can I do?

I grit my teeth and think.

He has to advance with his own power, so I have to push him to do so. But it can't be done with a simple lie. I seem to really like this honest guy, even if he is a little foolish.

There is also hesitation on whether or not holding out my hand would be enough.

I watch Gasper to find a advantage I could use.

All while being troubled by the quarreling of the Lambert master and servant.

"I'm sorry Gasper! I don't know what to do!"

I apologized for my own cowardliness.

".....Why are you apologizing to me! Do you intend to show sympathy? Or is it pity!?"

Gasper flies into a fit of rage.

"That is not it!!"

I surprising lashed out.

"I can't find a way to lead you. That is a regrettable fact!"

Gasper has an expressionless face.

"Gasper you are great. You simply don't know the meaning behind the training you've undergone for a year, a normal person wouldn't have been able to do it. It would be absolutely impossible for me. Because it is you, I surely thought you'd have noticed by now. But I appear to have blinded you to it!"

I talked in a single breath. I don't care even if I'm looked at strangely because of this.

"The ascetic training that you've undergone has a great purpose. It is premature of you to say that it has none..... It should go without saying, that nothing would be carried on if it had no meaning. I know that there is a meaning, after only hearing about it. Therefore, the year you spent training was not a waste!"

While my chest burned, I spoke vehemently.

"I should not have to say it! I'm sorry, for nearly taking away your chance to

find the meaning yourself.”

Oh, I seem to have let it out after all. The perspective I gained from old man Wolfram.

That there are things one can only gain by experiencing it with one's own flesh and blood.

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I noticed I was crying.

I regret that I almost removed the future possibilities of Gasper, someone that had so much hidden potential. It was not just about the original character settings. We had recognized the person before us, and had shamefully exposed our heart to each other.

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Gasper quoted a piece of the ancient world history.

“It's so. I will reveal the meaning from the very beginning. I had no intention to let you pull to carriage yourself.....”

I am depressed.

This saying was also in my previous world, The king is ordered to pull the carriage by a fisherman around his kingdom. The king tried to pull the carriage by himself, but stopped after 200 steps. When a subordinate lends a hand, they make 600 steps before stopping. The fisherman then revealed the task's meaning. The 200 step one can make on your own would mean it would take 200 years to finish. But it can be reduced to a fraction with the 600 steps one can take with the help of others. It was such a divination.

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Gaspar had an expression of as if the venom from before had been drained away.

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“It is foul”

Gaspar showed a natural smile.

“Why are you so desperate to stop me?”

A difficult question popped up.

Well that’s expected.

We just met yesterday, and the events of 3 years ago weren’t something I wanted to remember.

“Well....., It’s how it is?”

There are multiple reasons why, yet the word can’t seem to form.

“Hahahaha! It’s what it is! Such a strange guy.....”

Gaspar roars with laughter.

The outer corner of his eyes shine a little.

“Yeah, I may be strange. Hahaha.”

The two of us ended up laughing for a while.

Then, with the bamboo swords in hand, I gave a model lesson. It was a strange feeling. I was always on the receiving end of the lesson when I practiced with Lloyd, and always struggled to create openings. Yet Gaspar, who didn’t know the style, was following with ease.

As he evades with determination, I stop my swings just before they hit Gaspar’s head.

I am surprised myself, that I could stop when on the verge of winning.

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In this way, we kept training. Even when we blocked each others sword, we

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It felt weird, but I don't dislike it.

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"Let's do one last match."

"If you want to."

We say so, with the memory of what happen before still clear in are minds.

However, I face off against Gasper, our breathing matching each others.

Unlike the earlier, he now uses a mix of offense and defense.

He really will be something great.

I feel that with my mind and body.

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I am convinced that my strike will land first.

"Haa!"

"Sei!"

At the same moment, we striked the others head.

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With a deeply satisfied smile, Gasper boost.

"I am proud of this draw. And your defeat tomorrow."

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"I will become a knight who's only loss belongs to Marcel Alderton."

I almost said to stop overestimating himself, but I remained silent.

It was a pledge. An oath to never loss again.

Who am I to deny that?

"Oh, look forward to it "

In that way we said good-bye and walked to the opposite direction across the park.

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# Chapter 14

Translator/Editor: Silver

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13. Older Brother, Worthy Rival I felt uncomfortable, watching the action of Gasper after that last blow. I thought it was a creative way of attack at first, but as it continued I tried to figure out how I should handle this situation. From the way he attacked, I understood that he had taken this seriously.

Which made it all the more strange that his movement were so poor, it was as if he only learned how to how hold and swing around his sword.

“From what my sister told me, you had been sword training since last year right.....?”

I asked in a daze.

“.....That’s right! I began with cleaning the training grounds and polishing armor!”

Gasper says so, while glaring at me.

“Day after day I kept the grounds and armor in good condition for the knights. For my efforts I was finally able to use a wooden sword, since this autumn. As I began to run a set distance with it.”

I remember the students of traditional arts from my past life. If I’m not mistaken, the senior students would often time have the new disciples to do medial task like that. In a way, actions like this can cause one to take 20 years to master what could have been studied in 10.

The marquis house is military family.

The Red Lion Lambert.

I didn’t know you had to take up such an old-fashioned training style, simply because you’re the eldest son.

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# Chapter 15

Translator: Silver

---

15. Older Brother, finds a accomplice at the party At the heart of the capital was the imperial castle.

Although named the imperial castle, it's functions and structure are more like that of a palace.

Even though it's midwinter, the garden temperature is still warm and flowers were still in bloom.

Of course, the phenomena was created with the use of magic tools.

It could be said, that this party is a spectacle that made one forget the season.

In the depths of the gorgeous garden, stood a glamorously large building.

The only comparison I could make from my past life, is if you added some tall towers to the Versailles Palace.

It was like a spectacle of the heavens watching the sunlight gleaming off the structure.

As expected of the king's castle.

While admiring the castle, my family and I made our way inside.

The party has already begun.

While you could say that opening banquet for the party had started. First, the low-ranking barons and viscounts entered. Then the dukes, marquis', and earls arrived in ascending order. Finally, the royal family entered to officially start the festivities.

Since they were equal or above in status of the ones who entered before them, there were already people chatting among themselves.

Each new guest would make their way to the center of the grand hall, but before that they had to wait in a gradually moving line outside.

Since we were a duke family, we did not make our entrance till right before the royal family did.

Normally there would be more formalities involved for each entrance, but the New Years party was regarded as a simple get together.

In addition, children like Micheline and I could freely move about the grand hall.

It was a privilege only offered to the late entering high noble families.

In the first place, the barons could only bring their wives to this event, and the children of the viscounts had to stay by their parents side.

Only members of the earl and above families could move around.

When you reached the marquis' and dukes the freedom was virtually unrestricted.

Despite being a relaxed party, such actions are taken to prevent deep rooted conflict from spreading between the children.

The noble society seemed to worry a great deal about socializing.

At the entrance of the grand hall

The house attendant Ion informed the masses of our arrival.

"Duke Alderton and his family have arrived."

It was not a loud voice, but it was clearly heard.

It was probably amplified by the use of a magic tool.

After our introduction, we slowly entered the grand all.

The hall was as big as its name implied. I estimated it to be around 100m x 200m. Between each column there was an expertly crafted sculpture. Between each stained-glass window hung a beautiful painting. Hanging from the high ceiling was a tapestry depicting a mythical scene. Illuminating the room was an abundant amount of chandeliers, that were all powered by magic tools. Tables filled with food and drinks are scattered all around the room. Finally, there were many castle servants elegantly moving through the room.

When I stepped into the hall, I felt all the attention focused on my family.

However, there was not a single criticizing gaze among them; instead we received only casual glances from everyone.

In accordance with etiquette, people that seemed to be viscounts, came up to greet us. Father just generously nodded to this without speaking to any of them.

I wonder if they reside close to the Alderton dukedom?

Due to the sheer size of my family's territory, there were a lot of small and medium sized land holders coming to greet us. I sympathized with them for having to rely on such a powerful feudal lord.

In retrospect, my parents did seem to have a lot of frequent visitors.

Father also seemed like a very capable feudal lord.

Putting the thought aside, I continued to make my way to the center of the room.

The members of the other duke families awaited.

The difference between them and the other nobles could be felt.

The clothing of the nobles were similar to the ones worn in the European middle ages. The men commonly wore tight fitting hemmed pants, though there was a lack of shoulder pads. The women were using old fashioned corset, that had fallen out of use in my past life.

The Japanese ideal of beauty is nowhere to be seen.

Despite being in such luxurious outfits, all of the dukes acted absolutely natural.

I wonder how I appeared in the eyes of the others?

In my current state, the common sense and personality of another life has been integrated into my current one.

There are still trace superficial behaviors left on the surface, but the insides have greatly changed.

The previous Marcel was more like a fat pig than a person. However, as the eldest son of a duke, there is an incongruity between my position and actions

now. Some would even say that the arrogance of my former self was a necessary tool in my life.

So it was very difficult for me to act naturally in this situation.

When I try to act natural it comes off as feeling artificial. It takes the greatest effort to not place any effort into your actions. Failing to do so will only make your actions appear unnatural.

Then there's the fact that doing nothing is also useless. Its as they say, there is no tale without its own hardships.

.....Since its going to feel unnatural anyway, I might as well try be remembered for human actions instead of pig ones.

I braise for the worst.

"If it isn't Duke Alderton. Long time no see."

A tall man in his mid-30s speaks up with a smile on his face.

"Well, the same to you duke Brensmia. "How have you been?"

Father replies with a smile of his own.

It is unnecessary to have sympathy, as it was normal for nobles of the same rank to interact with each other.

Mother also delivers a smiling greeting.

"There is another set of greetings left to be made, Duke Brensmia, this are my children Marcel and Micheline."

Spurred on by father, I take a step forward.

"It's an honor to met you. I am Marcel, the young lord of the house.

I introduce myself in accordance to proper etiquette.

"It is an honor to met you. I am Micheline, the young lady of the house."

Micheline also says a proper greeting.

"Ah, what splendid children you have. I would have loved for my children to introduce themselves, but they've already left. Perhaps later on."

Duke Brensmia seemed a little upset.

“Hahaha, Its only natural that children would want to interact with other children.”

“Father the ladyship of the duke Claudette family is coming this way, may I go speak with her?”

After spotting a friend, Micheline asked for permission to leave, “Oh, it’s one of your daughter’s correspondence partners. Of course it’s fine to leave. Go ahead.”

Father beamed with joy as he allowed her departure.

Micheline seems to know a lot of people, doesn’t she?

Hmm, maybe I could do it to.

Father, there are also people that I would like to greet, so may I be excused as well? Also, may Ion come as well?”

Father’s expression is a surprised one.

Could he be the first one to notice my changes?

“Oh, go ahead. Ion, I leave Marcel in your care.”

“Yes sir.”

“Thank you very much. Duke Brensmia, I am very sorry, but I will be taking my leave.”

My apology left Duke Brensmia with a wide-eyed stare.

“.....A truly excellent son. I wish my son would follow his example.”

“No no, the rumors I head say that you have a son overflowing with brilliance duke Brensmia.”

It seems that father heard a rumor about that family’s son, so there is no doubt that me-related rumors have been spread around to, I don’t no the source of those rumors, but perhaps hearing them will help me regain the memories of my pig self.

After all, it’s hard to act without any information.

Frankly, when talking face-to-face, the one that has to hide their surprise has

no excuse.

“After my farewell, Ion and me make our way towards the edge of the room before he speaks up.

“Sorry Ion, but there is something I have to ask you. Was the investigation fruitful.”

“Don’t worry, I have investigated properly.”

Ion smiled gently.

What a nice smile.

“The person in the myrtle green jacket is Bruno of the marquis Vaster house.”

“Oh, then lets go.”

I slowly approach the boy from my generation.

“Parton my rudeness, but you are Bruno of the Vaster household right”

“Th-That right, and you are?”

Bruno was surprised at my question.

Hmm, I intended to ask normally, but why are you so cautious?

Immediately, an attendant of the Vaster house whispered something in Bruno’s ear, and it caused him to take a step back.

He seems to have become aware of my identity.

The attendant seems to have a skill for identify key figures of the noble houses.

“As you heard, I’m Marcel of the Duke Alderton family. 3 years ago, it seems that I kicked at you, and I would like to apologies for that. That’s all.”

Although it may seem a little exaggerated, I lowered my head in sincerity.

The point of my greetings is to properly apologize to the people I talk to.

Even though they were wrongdoings I committed 3 years ago, it was wrong to leave things as they are.

Normally, if you act too outside your normal behavior then people would be shocked at it, but I will not get another chance to fix my mistakes if I miss this

opportunity. I want to avoid leaving things unsettled, so I have to do this.

“Eh, eh eh!?”

Bruno was even more shocked then he was a while ago.

“.....You, are you really Marcel Alderton?”

Bruno unintentionally called out my full name in response.

Oh, in the face of this unexpected turn of event the attendant dandy expression broke.

It seemed that he didn't predict that Bruno would make such a mistake.

“I had the same reaction the other day, when I told some that I was the real Marcel Alderton.”

When I showed that I was not upset by the reaction, the reality of Bruno's actions finally registered with him, and he lowered his head in shame.

“.....I know it is selfish to ask, but will you accept my apology?”

“Ah, of course! Although I was scared and it hurt, I didn't suffer any major injury at that time.”

After meeting with Gasper, I had Ion tell me of my past wrongdoings. At first Ion was reluctant to tell me, but after I told him my intentions for the New Year's party, he told me everything in great detail. To summarize, the injuries were limited to light bruises, and father had Ion pacify the families of the effected parties, thus settling the matter.

However, things were not as simple as they appeared to be. I have to apologize to the victims by any means. Some part of myself would be left in disarray otherwise.

So I will have Ion point out the victims, so that I can own up to my actions. Although lightly, I still injured two other people like Bruno.

“Thank you for giving me your forgiveness. ....ah, I'm sorry to ask, but would you be willing to help me apologize to the other two? The other side would probably cower if I go alone.”

“Apologizing to Nicholas and Enrico?”



Bruno watches me with a surprised look.

“You see, because they were victims like you.”

When I said so, Bruno began to think about something with a complex expression.

“...I can't believe it. That you are Marcel Alderton.”

Suspicious, Bruno mutters that in a subdued voice.

“I don't know if it will help even if spoken, but half a year ago my little sister was engaged to prince Edward. This caused me to reflect on myself. I decided not discriminate based on family status and to emulate the king's older brother Raiheart.”

“Even if I accept that, there was a rumor going around that surprised me. The thing I heard was amazing.”

Bruno put his mouth to my ear to tell me something.

His voice seems to reach the attendant, who rolled his eyes in bewilderment.

Dandyism is ruined.

This Bruno had a subdued atmosphere but he gave off the same reliable feeling of Roy.

“Ah, I didn't notice. This alone would end the fear of those I visit, I ask again that you come along with me?”

“.....Hmm, Okay. You, who is genuinely sincere, seems interesting.”

He was in.

Bruno laughed merrily, upon accepting my request.

Well, I was worried about this a little, but now I have a mediator.

I can now justly apologize.

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